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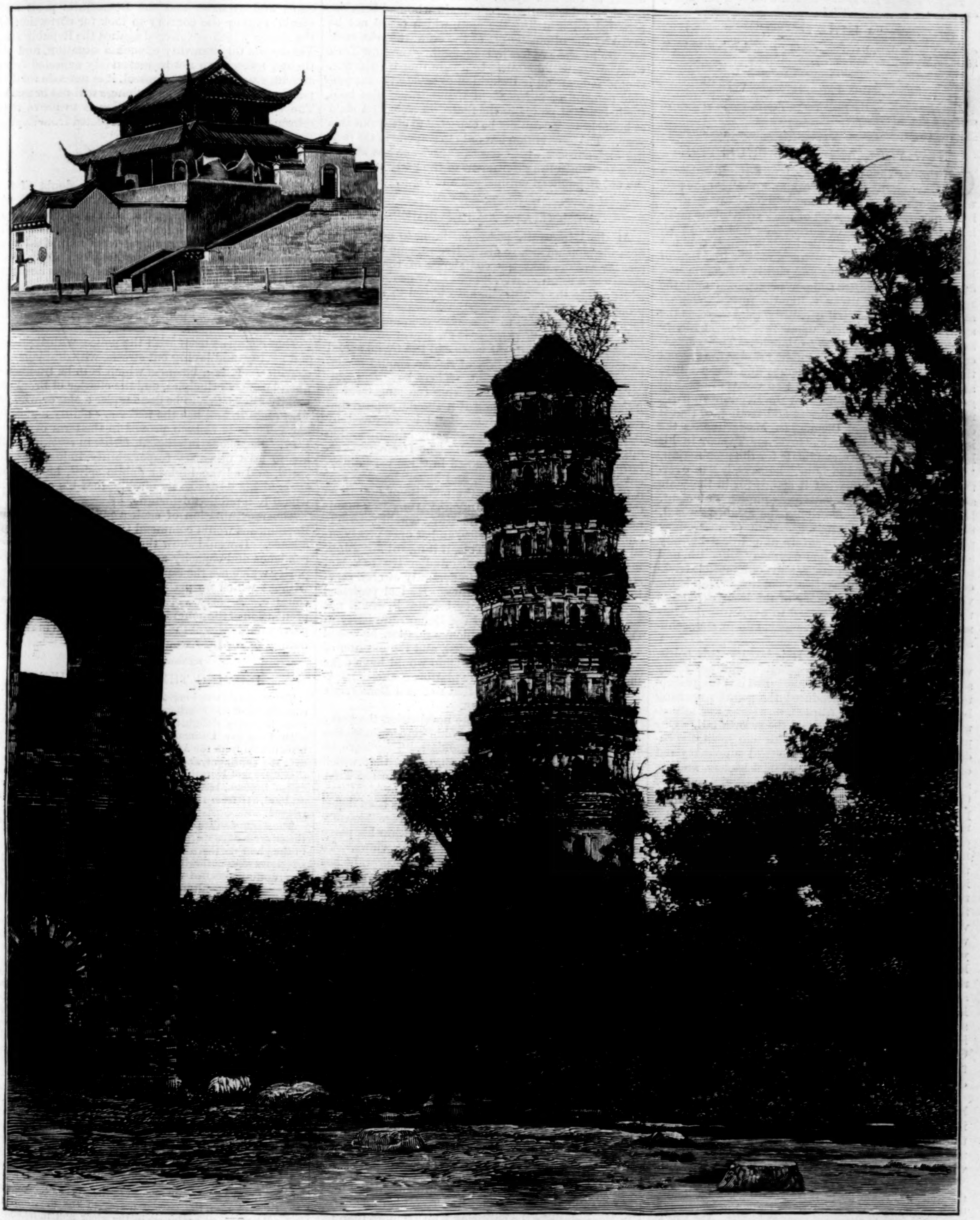

THE CITY GATEWAY, AND THE GREAT PAGODA, THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD.

VIEWS IN CANTON, CHINA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

"It is very like to a good angel of the household."
—*Christian Intelligencer, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published September 18, contains Part II. of a thrilling story for boys by EDWARD I. STEVENSON, *entitled*

"CANADIAN DAYS";

Chapters IX. and X. of "Dick and D.," by LUCY C. LILLIE; *and entertaining short stories by* DAVID KER, MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *and* MARY DENSEL.

The art work of this number includes a beautiful full page by JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD, *entitled*

"A LITTLE SELFISH,"

a front page by J. O. DAVIDSON, *together with drawings by* W. T. SMEDLEY, W. M. CARY, *and other popular artists.*

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NEW YORK AND MASSACHUSETTS.

ON the day that this paper is issued the Republican Conventions of New York and of Massachusetts will assemble, and their action will have a very great influence upon the election of next year. The political situation is very obscure. There is always an impulsive element in political action which can not be foreseen, and which produces results like that of last year. Feelings long and slowly accumulating, distastes and disgusts, sudden perceptions and the revelation of petty trickery, like the forged telegram at Saratoga, lead to what is called a tidal wave, as the slowly gathering snows upon the Alps suddenly sweep down in a resistless avalanche. There is this condition of suspense in the public mind at the present time, a general sentiment of doubt and uncertainty, and the tone and spirit of the two Conventions will go very far to prove either that the Republican party responds to the popular desire and feeling, or that it does not understand them. In Massachusetts the issue is well defined by ex-Governor TALBOT in his letter declining to be a candidate for the nomination. "The great duty of the hour," he says, is "to overthrow Butlerism and what it stands for in the State and nation." This is a terse and complete statement. Butlerism is a word describing the mean, personal, unmanly, corrupt, degrading system of mercenary politics, the spirit which sneers at political honesty and decency as womanish and Sunday-schoolish, and extols corruption, dishonesty, and contemptible trickery as masculine and stalwart politics. This is the very spirit which the history of the last year shows that the people are determined to overthrow. They may have to fight hard for victory, and in Massachusetts they certainly will.

This is not surprising. It is because this spirit, when once intrenched, is so powerful and not easily subdued that it is so dangerous. But it is the perception of this fact that produced the popular uprising last year, and extorted from an unwilling and incredulous Congress the passage of the reform bill. Our politics to-day are the contest with that spirit, the endeavor to take the complete political supremacy out of the hands of a squad of political leaders, and restore it to the people. If in New York the action of the Republican Convention shall show that the Republican party intends honestly to lead this movement, the party will touch shoulders with the Massachusetts brethren, and prepare for national victory next year. Its success in the State and in the country will depend upon its true estimate of the situation, its faith in the people, and its courage. The true estimate of the situation includes a clear conception of the nature of the independent vote. In 1879, when we replied to a correspondent that if a Republican was resolved not to support certain candidates, and yet did not wish to record himself against the party, he must scratch the offensive names, there was a tremendous uproar, and the scratchers were denounced and ridiculed with the whole vituperative force of the language. But they defeated the party, and the scratched candidates succeeded only by the Democratic division. In 1881 the same spirit overthrew Mr. CONKLING, and in 1882 it so fully animated the party that the Republican nominations in New York were overwhelmed by Republicans.

In 1883 that spirit is still stronger, and it must be heeded. The address of the Independent Conference in Massachusetts, which represents the conviction of those who will decide the election in both States, can not be too deeply pondered by the Republican Convention in New York. The address says:

> "Office as a public trust to be administered for the benefit of the people and not of the party is what the people rightfully demand, and any party that would replace the present administration must be pledged to something purer and better. The time has passed when a nomination means an election, and the people are more critical than ever before of the men and the principles offered to their choice. As Independents, we rejoice at this, and no desire for temporary success will lead us to the support of weak or untrustworthy men. Party platforms have become traps for the unwary, and party professions are to be trusted only so far as the character of the nominations affords a guarantee of earnest devotion to the reforms needed in State and nation. Anxious as we are to defeat the present Executive, we yet remember that while the person is but a temporary humiliation, the system he represents is more dangerous and insidious than the man, and calls for our emphatic and lasting condemnation."

There is no threat and no boast in these words. They are spoken by men of both parties, and they express a quiet and earnest determination which can not be disregarded, by Republicans at least, without disaster. It may be, indeed, that the mischief wrought by the late Republican leadership is irreparable, and there is no doubt that, if the will of the party and of the country should be heeded, and the party, notwithstanding, be defeated, the Republican Bourbons would attribute defeat to the new spirit. This, however, would be merely the declaration of a captain who had been superseded for scuttling the ship, which could not be saved by the utmost effort of the crew, that she sank because he was not left in command. The New York Convention will doubtless be aware that if its action should indicate an indisposition to satisfy the reasonable demand of independent Republicans, who hold the balance of power in the State, the vote that staid at home last year can not be expected to come out this year. The Convention has only to respond to the feeling and purpose which recent experience has shown to be the controlling sentiment of the party to restore the old Republican enthusiasm and vigor.

DEMOCRATS AS REFORMERS.

As the Democratic party, declining to contest the next election upon any distinctive scheme of principles or policy, asks the confidence of the country merely as a reform party, it must show its credentials. Fortunately the country is not obliged to rely upon promises and hopes. The party which proposes to reform administration, to introduce economy, and to purify and elevate politics, is in power in several States, and the intelligent voter can test by its actual performance the probability of reform should it control the national government. There have undoubtedly been great complaints during the long term of Republican ascendency, and if it should appear that reason for such complaints would be removed by Democratic control, a change of party administration might be confidently expected. The Democratic reform credentials may be studied in three very different States, Ohio, Maryland, and Massachusetts, and it is worth while to look at the promise of reform as there presented. In Ohio Judge HOADLY was nominated by the Democrats for the Governorship. He is a man of ability and character, and at once proclaimed a "new Democracy." This, if it meant anything, meant a reform Democracy. Judge HOADLY had strongly affirmed the absolute necessity of civil service reform and of purer politics. He had professed to leave the Republican party because it would not reform its own ways. Had the Democratic party in Ohio responded sincerely to his nomination, he would very probably have been elected, and the election of such a Democrat this year in Ohio would have done more than all the Democratic platforms and newspapers to justify the suspicion that national Democratic success might produce reform.

But from the moment of the nomination the party fell into a Kilkenny row. The old Democratic leaders have bitterly sneered at the candidate. They have denounced and abjured all reform, except that which consists in putting Democratic hands into the Treasury. Senator PENDLETON, because of the identification of his name with the reform bill, has been defied and defeated in his own county. Judge HOADLY himself has been driven by hostility within his party to evade and conceal his own reform views. To maintain any kind of standing as a Democrat, he has been obliged to exclaim, piteously, with Lady Teazle, "So, then, you would have me sin in my own defense, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation." He has been apparently entangled in bargains, and the mere fact of his association with reform has rent the party asunder, and revealed a stolid Democratic hatred of honest politics and reform policies.

The Democratic situation in Maryland has been thoroughly exposed by the Democratic Governor, who, for that reason and because he is an honest reformer, is savagely pursued by the party leaders. The Governor states that the party which proposes to reform national extravagance has improperly spent, during the last three years, half a million of dollars of the State money, and that in the same time Democratic officers have withheld from the State more than seven hundred thousand dollars of the public money. The Governor shows further that the Democratic Legislature, in ways which he mentions in careful detail, has been guilty of the most shameful extravagance in its own expenses, while newspapers have been bribed to silence by lavish outlays for the public printing. These statements in authentic detail have not been denied or questioned. They are undeniable. In Massachusetts the politician who for more than ten years was madly denounced by the Democratic press and orators as a thief, and who is notoriously destitute of political principle, has been selected by the Democratic party as its especial representative, and he has introduced a policy of administrative spoils and plunder for party and personal reasons which has not respected the highest official character or the most efficient service. These are the reform credentials of the Democratic party offered simultaneously in different parts of the country. These are the performances of a party which is crying, "Turn out the rascals," and which entreats the country, if it is tired of extravagance and party plunder, and longs for purer politics and reform, to intrust the government to its honest and economical hands. In New York, also, this reform party moves wholly at the will of JOHN KELLY and Tammany Hall. Tammany Hall, therefore, and General BUTLER, and the Maryland Democracy, and the Ohio Democracy, represent the Democratic reform party, and it is to such influences and agencies that the Democratic press and speakers invite the country to look for correction of the abuses which are alleged against the Republicans. Yet despite the absurdity of such a situation, and although reform can not be reasonably expected from a change to Democratic control, it is not safe for Republicans to trust that such a change will not be made. The way to deal with the situation is to prove that reform may be more reasonably expected from Republican success.

MAYOR LOW.

THERE can hardly be a reasonable doubt of the renomination of Mayor LOW in Brooklyn. His administration in that city has been a subject of national attention and interest, because he has shown the perfect feasibility and success of municipal government upon non-partisan principles. Such government is a great business which involves no political doctrine whatever. Questions of tariffs, banks, commerce, foreign affairs, Indians, public lands, upon which there may be political divisions, are unknown in a city government.

That concerns itself with the police, with lighting, and paving, and laying out streets, with drainage and charities. It is a business which is to be transacted upon business principles, and the charter of Brooklyn luckily allows this to be done under a Mayor who desires to do it, and has the necessary ability and courage. These have been proved in the term of Mayor LOW. Sagacious, intelligent, fertile in resource, willing to take necessary responsibility, industrious, devoted, and of the highest public spirit, he has discharged his duties so admirably that his retirement would be a public misfortune.

The renomination of such a public officer by the Republicans would commend the party to public confidence. It would show that regard for official independence and capacity and for political honesty and purity which are the especial demand of the time, and without which no party can now hope to carry the country. A party which should show the same comprehension of the general situation that the Republican party would show of the municipal situation in renominating Mayor LOW would be resistless.

DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE.

THE excursion and ceremonies in commemoration of the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad were evidently most imposing, delightful, and satisfactory. Four trains, with forty-five Pullman, baggage, and dining cars, have been drawn from the Atlantic coast for two thousand miles over the continent, and across three mountain ranges, and they were met by trains coming from the Pacific, at a place called Bullock, 1198 miles from Lake Superior, 1200 from St. Paul, 847 from Puget Sound, and 700 from Portland in Oregon.

The excursionists were a distinguished company, and as the silver hammer drove the last spike—a spike of gold—in the great northern road which binds the two oceans, the addresses were naturally and properly of an exultant strain. The orators recalled JEFFERSON'S endeavors, a hundred years ago, to cause JOHN LEDYARD to explore the Columbia, and his organization, when President, of the LEWIS and CLARKE expedition to open a northwest American route to India by the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Less than forty years later the agitation for a Pacific railroad began. Thirty years ago Congress authorized the survey of a route from the Mississippi to the Pacific. The Union and Central road, aided by the government, followed a familiar trail across the continent, and ended at the Golden Gate. But the northern route was regarded as lying in an inaccessible and hopeless ice-bound region, and the completed work, without national subsidies, except a land grant, which was of possible future value, and in the face of endless obstacles and opposition, is a monument of indomitable American courage, sagacity, and skill.

"So," said Mr. BILLINGS, a former president and constant friend of the road, "putting all things together, who can fail to see that this great new highway is to be marked all along with prosperous communities, with schools and churches and a high civilization? Who can fail to see that it brings permanent peace with the Indians; that no more CUSTERS are to be killed, no more regiments to be wiped out; that new States are to come here, new power and new wealth, and a new bond of unity to be added to our government, and a new route opened to the world's commerce?" Mr. EVARTS, also, the chosen orator of the day, told the splendid story, and rejoiced in the clear and independent methods by which the work had been prosecuted and accomplished; and Secretary TELLER wisely did not omit to emphasize the duties of so great and powerful a company to the public. Nothing marred the felicity of the occasion, the happy management of which, with all its infinite details, was an illustration of the ability and skill which have presided, through good report and evil report, over this imperial enterprise.

THE FREE PRIMARY.

As the amendment to the constitution of the Republican associations in the city of New York has been adopted, every Republican voter can now vote at the primary elections. The counting and general control are still in the hands of the old managers, but there is no reason to suppose that they will abuse this power, and no Republican citizen can justly excuse himself for neglecting the opportunity which is now secured to him.

The rapidity and unanimity with which this radical change in primary political methods has been effected is another striking illustration of the readiness of the Republican party to respond to an emphatic expression of public opinion. The old system of primaries was borrowed from Tammany Hall. But neither that nor any other Democratic organization reforms itself in obedience to the popular demand, or to promote the actual participation of the people in the government.

The apprehension sometimes expressed, that in overthrowing the party machine there may be forgetfulness of the necessary machinery, is unnecessary. Nobody has a clearer conception of the essential value of organization, of concert and co-operation, than the strongest anti-machine men. But nobody understands so well as they the misuse that is made of that necessity, and which is the real enemy of sound organization, because it produces distrust and contempt and open defiance. The more thoroughly persuaded a man is of the necessity of government, the more strenuously will he resist despotism, which leads straight to anarchy. This is a truth which has been signally illustrated in the history of the machine, and the overthrow of the party machine was indispensable to the smooth working of the party machinery.

THE SHARPLESS WASHINGTON.

The interesting miniature of Washington by Sharpless, an English artist, which has naturally attracted a great deal of attention, has now been most successfully and beautifully reproduced in photo-gravure by Goupil from a negative taken by Augustus Morand. This likeness, which is somewhat different from the familiar portraits of Washington, was painted in 1795 for Washington himself, who was then sixty-three years old, and it was given by him to the wife of Mrs. Washington's son, John Custis, the father of G. W. P. Custis, the former owner of Arlington House, near Washington.

Mrs. Custis was Eleanor Calvert, grandniece of Lord Baltimore, who afterward married Dr. Stuart. She gave the picture to her youngest daughter, who married Mr. William G. Webster, in whose possession it remains. He has refused for it an offer of fifty thousand dollars, and declined for a long time to permit any copy to be made. When at length he authorized Mr. Morand to photograph it he required him to carry the original constantly upon his person, and to place it under his pillow at night. In order that his copy might exactly reproduce the original, Mr. Morand made a lens especially for the purpose, and took the negative to Paris, where it was engraved by Goupil. He has also produced a sheet of the coat of arms of the Washington family, copied by himself from tombs in various churches in England, making in each case a fac-simile.

The face of Washington in the miniature is, in general, the familiar face, and has the beautiful benignity which all contemporary observers remarked. It is an exceedingly interesting addition to the Washington portraits.

MODERN SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

A little work just published by the Harpers, *French and German Socialism in Modern Times*, by Professor Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, supplies the most complete and timely information upon one of the vitally important questions of modern times. It is a brief and clear history, by a peculiarly accomplished student of the subject, of the doctrines and schemes of the most eminent and able Socialist and Communist leaders of the century—leaders who have a constantly increasing following, whose views and purposes become more significant with every new invention, and with every fresh step in the aggregation and power of capital.

The book is admirable for its humane and generous temper. Professor Ely is much too wise a man not to know that the question of Socialism is not to be dismissed with an impatient sneer or with angry ridicule. It is the riddle of the Sphinx, and society must solve it or suffer. The reader who is accustomed to the shallow and stupid treatment which the subject usually receives, and who dismisses it with a half shudder, as a smouldering anarchical movement aiming at the overthrow of civilized society, will be surprised to learn from this faithful guide that its leaders are recognized as among the ablest of men and the profoundest masters of political economy. Bismarck spoke of Lassalle with the warmest praise, and few leaders of men have a larger and more determined support than the Socialist chiefs.

Their followers, however, the mass of those who are called Socialists, do not comprehend the scientific treatment of the question, which is the work of the leaders. Professor Ely, himself a most accomplished student of political economy, says of Karl Marx's *Capital* that it is one of the ablest politico-economic treatises ever written, and that it is difficult reading only because it is deep. The rank and file, however, are mainly interested in the general conclusions and schemes of reform proposed by the chiefs—schemes which are radical and often revolutionary. The Socialists make common cause with all who live by daily wages, and as it seems to them that the wealth of the world is produced only by their daily toil, and they are the overwhelming majority, the magnitude of the question is obvious. Professor Ely's purpose is not to express opinions nor to advocate views, but to give a perfectly fair statement of the tenets and tendency of modern Socialism and Communism in their chief seats. He has been entirely successful. Nowhere else can so simple, comprehensive, and satisfactory a presentation both of the scope and the significance of the subject be found, and no work recently issued deserves more thoughtful consideration.

FRIENDS OF THE WHITE MAN.

It is the happy fortune of Rhode Island not only to trace its settlement to the great apostle of soul liberty, but to point to the humane Indian policy which he enforced and inculcated, and which ranks the name of Roger Williams in Rhode Island with that of William Penn in Pennsylvania and Arent Van Corlaer in New York.

A few days since a unique and interesting event was celebrated in a lovely country region in the southern part of the State, not very far from Narragansett Pier. A huge bowlder has been placed upon the site of an old Indian fort, upon which is engraved this inscription: "Fort Ninigret: Memorial of the Narragansett and Niantic Indians, the unwavering friends and allies of our fathers. Erected by the State of Rhode Island." The names of the Commissioners and the year are added. The celebration consisted of appropriate historical and suggestive addresses by distinguished Rhode-Islanders.

But the erection of the stone commemorated not only the ancient friendship of the Niantic Indians for the white people, but the final incorporation of the surviving descendants into the great mass of citizens of the State. The territory originally occupied by the tribe had dwindled, but a large tract of land has been always held by them, part of which the Indians cultivated, and other parts of which they sold, giving deeds signed by their Council. But in 1880 the State bought the reservation, and divided the money paid for it among the 343 surviving members of the tribe. The Niantic dynasty has not even a Count of Paris left to represent it, and the subjects of dusky royalty and of the Indian Council are now citizens of Rhode Island.

The Niantics were, indeed, unswerving friends of the English colonists. They refused to join the Pequot alliance, or to take part in King Philip's war, although he was their not distant neighbor across the bay at Mount Hope. They resisted the Narragansetts, with whom they subsequently united in peace, and the Ninigret memorial will long recall the wisdom of the policy which holds that Indians have rights which white men are bound to respect.

PERSONAL.

A New York sculptor declares that the American Indian, as he actually exists, has never been treated in plastic art. Crawford's "Indian" in the library of the Historical Society, he says, has the limbs of a white man; Ward's "Indian Hunter" in the Central Park has the limbs of a classic Greek; but the limbs of the real American Indian have less muscular development than those of the Greek or the Caucasian, his arms being destitute of the biceps, and his legs thin and wiry.

—A Southern soldier of unpretentious pedigree was slightly wounded in the late war, a bullet having grazed the top of his head. "You may thank your stars," said the surgeon, "that matters are no worse. If this wound were a quarter of an inch deeper, you would be a dead man." "Great heavens! doctor," replied the terrified patient, "see if it isn't a quarter of an inch deeper."

—A photographic apparatus is now considered a part of a city surgeon's mechanical equipment. Instead of taking casts of the various corporeal monstrosities or deformities with which he is called to deal, he brings his camera into the sick-room and takes a photograph of "the subject." A series of such photographs constitutes not only a valuable history of the case, but often a trustworthy, clear-spoken, and present witness to the surgeon's professional skill.

—The trustees of the Mercantile Library have greatly convenienced many members of that institution by opening a branch office at No. 431 Fifth Avenue, between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth streets; and the value of real estate in that region is indicated by the fact that although the office occupies only what was once the basement of a private house on a single lot, the rent paid is twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

—The gentlemen of the Congressional committee who twelve years ago predicted that the time was not distant when the region now known as the Yellowstone Park would be "a place of resort for all classes of people from all portions of the globe" seem to have done something toward establishing the American Congressman's reputation for trustworthiness.

—A New York merchant was speaking of a gray-haired comrade who had just married a third wife. "I can't understand it," he said. "I am a widower myself, but my idea has always been that if a man's first wife suited him, he wouldn't expect that another could fill her place, and if she did not suit him, he wouldn't want another to fill it."

—Mr. Toby E. Rosenthal, whose pictorial contribution to the Munich Art Exhibition was the most successful American painting there, has been sketching with a party of friends in the quaint Bavarian town of Sterzing, where most of the buildings are at least three hundred years old. He expects to return to Munich for the winter.

—A correspondent writes to ask us if Nordenskjöld, the explorer, ever went around the north pole. Nordenskjöld's first arctic expedition was in 1859, under the command of Torell. In 1861 he made a similar trip; and in 1864, 1868, and 1872 he led arctic expeditions of his own. In 1875 he sailed through the Sea of Kara, and very recently he has been making observations in Greenland. The trip around the north pole, in the immediate neighborhood of it, has yet to be made.

—An entertainment given recently by Mrs. Gladstone in London was enlivened by the presence of Miss Jennie Young, of this city, who read before a fashionable audience her interesting lecture on Longfellow, and sang several of his poems, instead of reciting them, to illustrate her points.

—A man of letters suggests that the most extensive and instructive array of atrocious solecisms of modern English to be gathered anywhere might be made of the various public notices that adorn the cabins of our steamboats and the interiors of our railroad cars, and that a good, sound specimen to lead off with would be the well-known placard in the Hoboken ferry-boats: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to occupy them until the ladies are seated."

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, having presented a free library to the town of Dunfermline, Scotland, a speech in honor of the event was delivered by Lord Rosebery, who said, among other things: "We all of us, in whatever position we may be placed, have occasion to find life irksome and almost intolerable. I have always found two aids or assistances to overcome that sense of irksomeness, which are within the reach of the poorest of us, and which are the most efficient for the purpose. The first is the sense of humor, and the second the love of books."

—The College of France, where Renan delivers his professional lectures on Hebrew literature, is a building of extreme modesty, and might be mistaken for a Friends' meeting-house. The room occupied by M. Renan is plain and almost bare, its chief article of furniture being a long table on which are strewn old Bibles and manuscripts. The audience is small, and consists chiefly of quiet old men with long hair, noisy young men of defective vision, dilapidated old women, and bright-eyed rabbis.

—The cordial relations between France and Germany are now and then stimulated by paragraphs like this in the foreign correspondence of the German papers: "We arrive in Paris, in the Paris of Victor Hugo, the capital of the world, etc., etc. At every step we hear the German language. And the French—where are they? what are they doing? There they are, sitting on the terraces of the cafés, bragging and boasting and scoffing at the slovenly Germans and their spectacles. They still hope to conquer Alsace and Lorraine. But where are the soldiers who are to take revenge? There they are, at the café. The officers, ashamed of their uniform, are in citizen's clothes. The soldiers have pipes in their mouths, and their hands in the ridiculously deep pockets of their short trousers. Let the Frenchmen come to Berlin; there we will show them men, Prussians, vigorous, muscular, knowing how to stand up for themselves, and how to love their Emperor."

—The Comte de Paris, at present heir to the French monarchy (or what is left of it), is rich, tall, slender, in delicate health, and forty-six years old. His wife is ambitious, and an intrepid horsewoman.

—Canon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, has become a total abstainer from alcohol. His friends say that his capacity for work is greatly increased thereby. He can now push along without any intermission, except for meals, from morning to night.

—Napoleon Bonaparte's conversational gifts, during his First Consulship, made a deep impression upon Madame Junot: "His talk was always attractive by its depth of thought and that air of originality which reflected from his rich and brilliant imagination; the most profound civilians, the ablest financiers, the most subtle diplomatists, thronged around to hear him, and appeared to be rather taking lessons from him than imparting their knowledge to a young man whose pale complexion bore witness to watchings and fatigues far exceeding theirs, although the superiority of years was greatly on their side." But at that time Napoleon Bonaparte was the most powerful man in his land, and everybody knows how attentively "the most profound civilians, the ablest financiers, and the most subtle diplomatists" listen to such men.

—The *Saturday Review* remarks that Longfellow's relations with Hawthorne, Agassiz, Emerson, the Channings, Dana, and many other men of science and letters throw a pleasant light on his disposition and circumstances, and exhibit him as "the central figure of a society of which Oxford or Weimar might well have been proud."

—The American girl (observes a late writer) has passions, is too often indiscreet and wayward, and can love with all the intensity and constancy of a Rebecca; but she is made of different stuff from the artificial heroine of French standards. That peculiarity of social custom which allows her so much more freedom than her transatlantic sisters, and which conduces to a freer development of healthier and more natural affection, has also given her a greater strength of character to defend her heart from slavish passions, and a sturdier common-sense by which she is abundantly capable of taking care of herself.

—Mr. Will Carleton, author of the *Farm Ballads* and other popular verses, has been lecturing successfully in the far West. His subject is, "The Golden Horse"—an imaginary animal out of which, as out of the wooden horse at Troy, are supposed to come the various vices that threaten the destruction of modern civilization, and in the treatment of it he recites the best of his metrical compositions.

—In no instance, says Dr. H. Gradle, has the benefit derived from a knowledge of the germ theory of disease been more brilliantly exemplified than in the principles of antiseptic surgery discovered by Lister. This benefactor of mankind recognized that the great disturbing influence in the healing of wounds is the admission of germs. It had been well known prior to his day that wounds heal kindly if undisturbed, and that the fever and other dangers to life are an accidental, not an inevitable, consequence of wounds. But Lister was the first to point out that these accidents were due to the entrance of germs into the wound, and that such entrance could be prevented.

—English royalty (observes the London *World*) has taken a new departure, so far as externals are concerned, and in doing so has rendered itself a social necessity, and for this reason has disarmed its political opponents. If there is a charitable establishment to be opened, or the exchequer of an institution which exists for any good purpose to be replenished, the ceremony which accomplishes the one or contributes to the other is always graced by the presence of a prince or princess, or of both combined. Imagine what would have been the condition of public sentiment in England were the Queen's eldest son to have shaped his social demeanor after the pedantic and petty pomposities of his illustrious and lamented father!

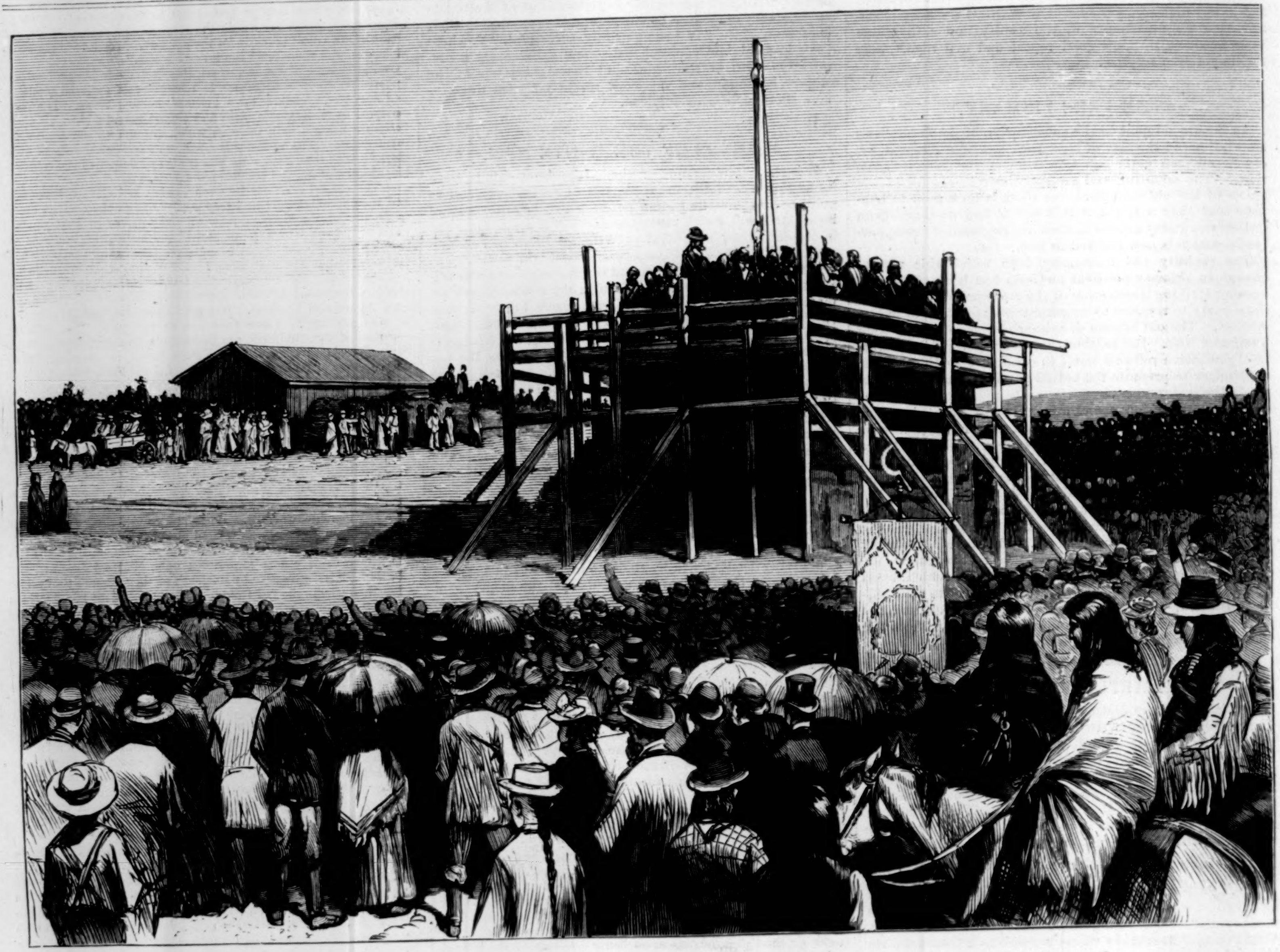
—Mr. Froude closes his monograph on Luther as follows: "Philosophic historians tell us that Luther succeeded because he came in the fullness of time, because the age was ripe for him, because forces were at work which would have brought about the same changes if he had never been born. Some changes there might have been, but not the same. The forces computable by philosophy can destroy, but they can not create. The false spiritual despotism which dominated Europe would have fallen from its own hollowness. But a lie may perish, and no living belief may rise again out of the ruins. A living belief can rise only out of a believing soul; and that any faith, any piety, is now alive in Europe, even in the Roman Church itself, whose insolent hypocrisy he humbled into shame, is due in large measure to the poor miner's son who was born in a Saxon village four hundred years ago."

—The city of Florence in Italy has become unhealthful by reason of inadequate drainage. Almost every house has its own cesspool, and the waste-pipes are not trapped, nor is the well water always uncontaminated. A correspondent residing there expresses his belief that the authorities will make no improvements until the desertion of the city by Americans and Englishmen forces them to do so.

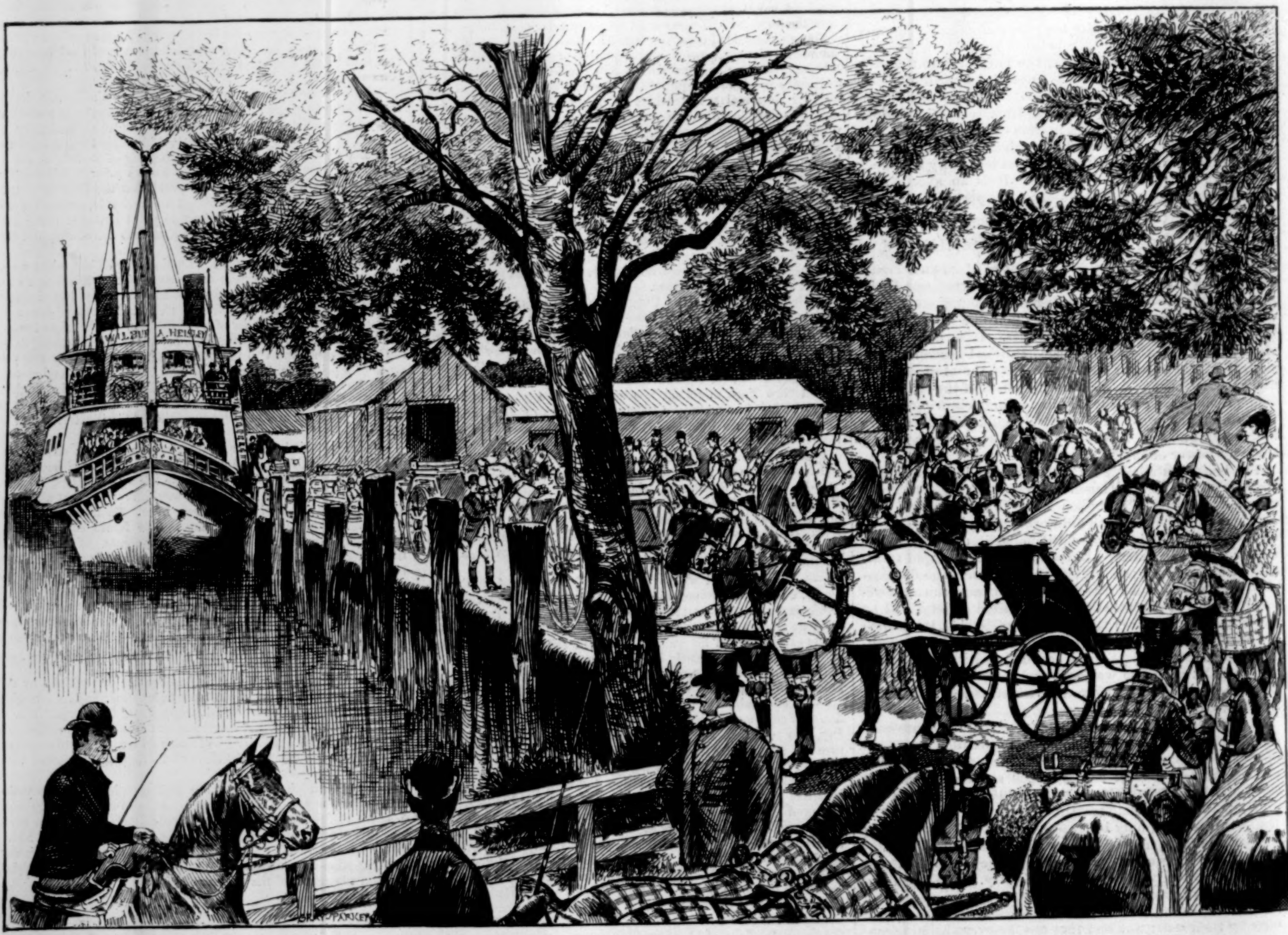
—A Scottish photographer has photographed the impression made upon the arm of a person who had been struck by lightning. A series of delicately traced figures, very like fern fronds or small branches of trees, appears just above the elbow, and extends nearly to the shoulder. It is believed that the phenomena were caused by congestion in the capillary vessels, which had been paralyzed through the action of the electric current.

—From *Punch:*

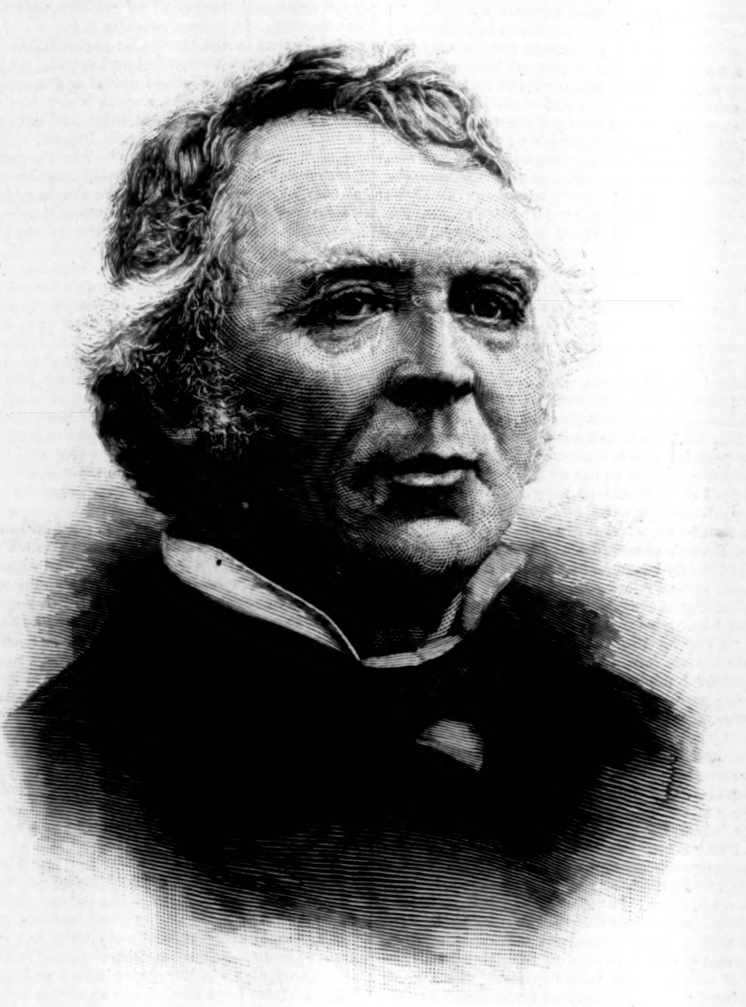
"Fox-hunting cruel? Bah! What pack of hounds
  Equals the penny-a-lining social spies,
Who break into our life's domestic bounds,
  And hunt us with their yelping pack—of lies?
The tenderest heart might blamelessly determine
To hunt these hunters ruthlessly—as vermin."



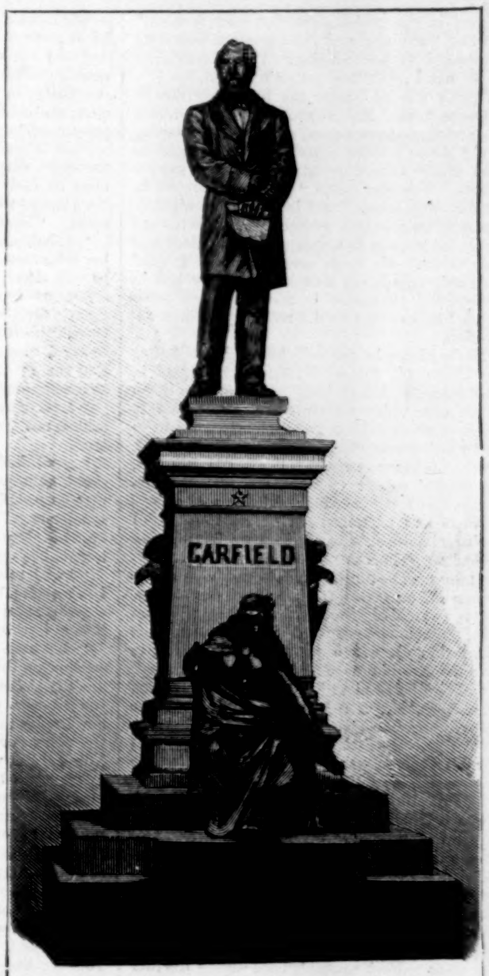
LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CAPITOL OF DAKOTA, IN BISMARCK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 603.]


WALBUR A. HEISLEY
GRAY-PARKER

THE END OF THE LONG BRANCH SEASON—EMBARKATION OF HORSES AND CARRIAGES AT BRANCHPORT, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.



THE LATE HUGH J. HASTINGS.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 599.]



STATUE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—By Permission of the "Garfield Monument Association of the Pacific Coast."—[See Page 599.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE GENERAL IS FACETIOUS.

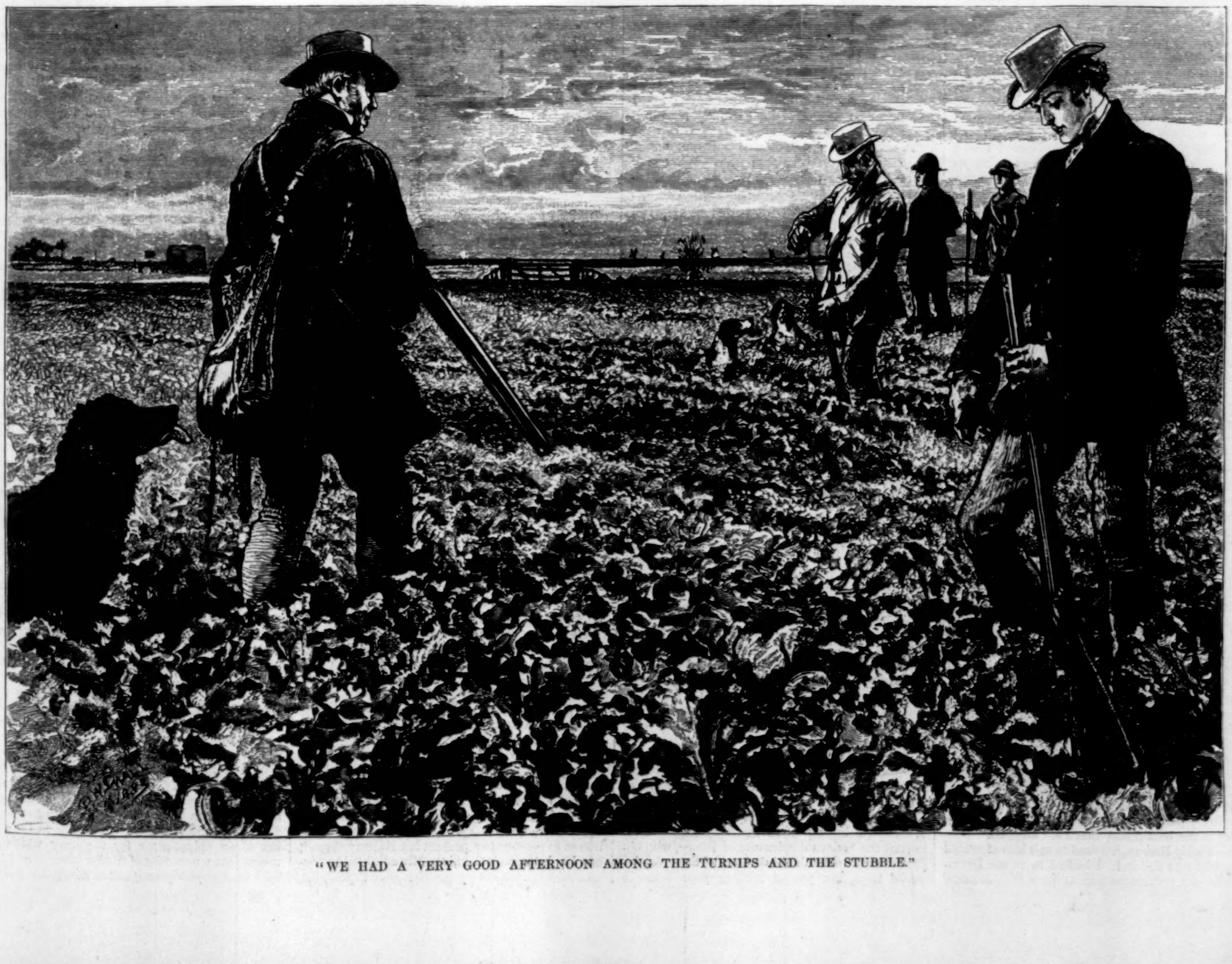
"Whenever I have loved a woman," says Alfred de Musset somewhere, "I have told her of it; whenever I have ceased to love her, I have also told her of it, believing that in such matters there is nothing to be ashamed of, except falsehood." Perhaps it is just as well for the peace of society that not many people have sufficient audacity to adopt the poet's system, although there is an irresponsible simplicity about it which is not without attraction. I debated seriously with myself during the journey home whether I ought not to inform Maud of my perfidity; and I believe that the conclusion I came to was that such was indeed my duty, being at the same time perfectly well aware that I lacked the requisite courage for its performance. It was true that I had been forbidden to speak to her of love at all; but there was little comfort to be got out of that recollection. I was a poor hand at acting a lie, and I was unable to devise any means of even hinting at the truth.

Under these circumstances I could not but rejoice to hear, on my arrival at Thirlby, that Maud and her father were away from home.

"The Rector has been persuaded to give himself a short leave of absence," my uncle, who had come to meet me at the station, informed me, as we drove homeward. "You need not allude to this before my mother, because it is rather a sore subject with her. I am afraid it was she who induced Jorkins, the Ebenezer man, to go down to the Rectory and challenge Dennison to a controversy about infant baptism. Dennison received him very well, got down his theological books, and they had a great palaver, each, of course, claiming to have put the other to silence. So far so good; but unluckily Jorkins returned to the charge, bringing three influential Nonconformists from Yarmouth with him, and in the presence of all four of them poor Dennison was betrayed into declaring that he considered an unbaptized infant had just as good a chance of going to Heaven as he or Jorkins had, not to say a better one. After that, one can't be surprised that Jorkins should have written a powerful treatise entitled, 'Total Immersion *versus* Superstition, or the Bad Faith of the State Clergy Unmasked;' but I don't think he ought to have mentioned Dennison in it by name, and then sent a copy of the thing to the Rectory. Anyhow, Dennison lost his temper, and, meeting Jorkins the next day, threatened to totally immerse him in the nearest horse-pond. Up came Jorkins, very angry, to ask for a summons, which of course I declined to grant; and things were smoothed over after a fashion. But I had a great deal of trouble about it," added my uncle, with a sigh, "and some bad feeling was stirred up in the parish; and the upshot of it was that Dennison was prevailed upon to go to Lowestoft for change of air, leaving the curate to reign in his stead until all these winds of doctrine should have time to blow themselves out."

"The parish will never want bracing breezes so long as Mrs. Farquhar is at hand to stir them up," I remarked. "Is there no chance of her going away anywhere for a change of air?"

My uncle smiled and shook his head. "She does a great deal



"WE HAD A VERY GOOD AFTERNOON AMONG THE TURNIPS AND THE STUBBLE."

of good in the parish, after her own fashion," said he; "and she and Dennison are becoming accustomed to one another. They wrangle, of course, but I think they rather like that."

Thirlby was no longer the hermitage that it had once been. Mrs. Farquhar generally had a few, and sometimes a good many, friends staying in the house, besides entertaining the neighborhood pretty frequently at dinners and garden parties. This she called "taking an interest in her fellow-creatures," and inculcated as a Christian duty upon certain persons who were too apt to take an interest in nothing but themselves and their books. My uncle accepted it all in good part, only stipulating that he should be left in undisturbed possession of the library—a point which I believe that he did not carry without opposition.

To the library he generally betook himself after breakfast; and thither I followed him, glad to hear his quiet, kindly voice again, and to listen to his talk, which was full of the wisdom that comes of much reading, and curiously deficient in that which comes from mingling with the world. I was quite at my ease with him after the first day. He alluded neither to Maud nor to Lady Constance, and I was sure that he had no suspicions of what had happened during my absence. I don't feel quite so sure of this now; but whether he had suspicions or not, he abstained from giving utterance to them, being too thorough a gentleman and too good a friend to force confidences. As far as anything could make me happy at that time, the companionship of my old man did so; and I think it was a pleasure to him, too, to have me with him once more.

"Squire he've picked up wonderful since you come back, Mr. Chawls," said Bunce. "Come down to my place this mornin' he did, and arst to see the ferrets—a thing he ain't done, dear me! not this twelvemonth. I don't think you owt to leave him agin; no, that I don't!"

I had to leave him, nevertheless; and in truth I was only half sorry to go. Every nook and corner in Thirlby, the woods in which I had so often walked with Maud, the Broads where I had sailed and fished and skated with her, were so many mute accusers. I breathed more freely when I was away from them all and settled in London with the coach who had undertaken to prepare me for my impending examination. I was made to work tolerably hard during the four or five months that I spent under his roof, and was forbidden to take any part in the gayeties of the London season. For these, however, I had no sort of inclination. I sometimes wondered whether Lady Constance was one of the riders or of the gayly dressed pedestrians whom I used to see in the distance as I took my daily morning walk through the Park; but, oddly enough, I experienced no longing to see her at this time. I was confident that, as she had said, we should meet again before we were much older, and I was content to await the approach of destiny.

I don't know whether the dreadful hobgoblin of Competition, which has been raised in these later times by well-meaning persons, and which to an old fogy like myself seems in a fair way to put an end to all thorough education, has yet cast its unholy shade upon the sacred precincts of the Foreign Office; but in my young days our nerves were harassed by no haunting dread of a *proximè accessit*. We were asked to show a certain degree of proficiency in the subjects required by our profession, and having done that, received our appointments in due course. When my time came I had no difficulty in satisfying the examiners, and the only penalty I had to pay for my success was that of spending an entire summer in the smoky atmosphere of London. At any other time I might have considered this a genuine grievance enough, but, things being as they were, I did not complain of it. No prisoner was ever less eager to regain his freedom, or more puzzled to know what to do with it when he had got it, than I was. I lingered on in London for some days longer than was necessary, explaining in a letter to my uncle what, indeed, was the truth, that I was anxious to be upon the spot in order to find out whether I had any chance of obtaining speedy employment.

The wished-for information reached me promptly and unexpectedly. I was strolling down deserted Pall Mall, one warm September morning, when I was almost knocked off my legs by a tremendous slap on the back, and the General's jovial voice called out: "Hullo, Charley, my boy! you're the very fellow I wanted to see. Let me be the first to congratulate you upon your appointment."

"I've passed my examination all right," answered I, after shaking hands with my old friend; "I haven't got an appointment yet."

"Oh yes, you have; you'll hear of it officially in a day or two. Come into the Club and have some lunch, and I'll tell you all about it."

The General was in the best of good spirits. He had just returned from the moors, where he had had capital sport, and had been shooting above his average, so he said. Having to spend a day in London, he had made a point of calling at the Foreign Office, in order to put in a word for me with those in authority before proceeding to Canterbury, where he was about to hold an inspection of cavalry. "When that's over, we'll hold an inspection of the partridges, eh, Charley?" said he, giving me a nudge with his elbow as we mounted the steps of the military club to which he belonged.

"Well," he continued, when he had ordered luncheon, and we had seated ourselves at a table beside the open window, "I'm glad to say that you have dropped into as good a berth as a young fellow could wish to start with. Franzenshöhe is a lively place in its way, they tell me, and your chief is the best fellow that ever stepped. Rossan—Paddy Rossan, we used to call him at school—a first-rate fellow! I looked in to see Drummond—the permanent man at the F. O., you know—this morning, thinking that I might be able to be of some use to you; but, gad, sir! I found I had been forestalled. The ladies—ah, you young rascal, you've found out already what the ladies can do for us! And I dare say you know precious well whom you have to thank for your appointment."

I did indeed know, and the knowledge agitated me more than I cared to show. "I suppose it must be Lady Constance Milner, whom I met at Naples last winter," said I, as indifferently as I could. "Isn't she a sister of Lord Rossan's?"

"A half-sister. Rossan is old enough to be her father—a contemporary of my own, I'm sorry to say. Dear, dear! how time does go on! Lady Constance is a deuced agreeable woman and a great friend of mine," continued the General, twirling his mustache. "Some people are pleased to say ill-natured things about her; but I take it that some people's ill-natured things are as good as a compliment, eh?"

"I thought Lady Constance very pleasant," said I, not venturing to change the subject at once.

"Devil doubt you! You've made an impression in that quarter, my boy; and upon my word, without meaning to flatter you too much, I don't wonder at it!" cried the General, beaming at me over his glass of sherry. "Ah, dear me! I wish I could change places with you!"

"I wish you could, with all my heart!" thought I to myself; but I merely remarked aloud that I was not so sure that young men had the best of it in everything.

"God bless my soul!" called out the General, swallowing the bait, "do you mean to tell me you don't hold the best cards? If we old fellows cut you out every now and then, it's because we know how to play the game, let me tell you, and because you don't take advantage of your opportunities. Now I'll tell you a curious thing that happened to me when I was aide-de-camp to Lord Beresford at Lisbon in the year twenty."

Once embarked upon the fruitful theme of his exploits in love and war, the General forgot all about Lady Constance, and I was spared any repetition of painful pleasantries. "My respects to Bernard," he said, as we parted, "and tell old Bunce I'm game to walk him off his legs yet. You may expect me down at Thirlby in a day or two."

He took it for granted that I was going to Thirlby; and indeed I could scarcely do otherwise than return home, though it was with some reluctance and trepidation that I took my railway ticket. Nevertheless, time had produced the effect upon me that time always does produce upon every one. I had become accustomed to the situation; I had even begun to make some excuses for myself. Taking the worst possible view of my conduct, it could not be said that I had broken any engagement; Maud had refused to hear of my love, and had given me no sort of hint that it was returned; my uncle had said, in so many words, that only time and absence could prove the sincerity of my feelings. These pleas did not satisfy me; but I made use of them in default of better ones, and the mere reiteration of them gave me a kind of confidence.

The dreaded meeting, which took place the day after my return home, proved, like the generality of dreaded events, much less formidable than I had expected. Maud and the Rector came up to the Hall to welcome and congratulate me, and the former was so self-possessed, so friendly, so apparently oblivious of the circumstances under which we had parted, that—unreasonable as it may seem—I was a little disappointed in her. I myself was anything but self-possessed; but I remembered that she would naturally set down my embarrassment to any cause rather than the right one, and her determination to put me at my ease was successful after a time. What gave me a sharp pang of remorse was the absurd behavior of Scamp, whom she had brought with her, and who greeted me with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight, tearing round and round the room till all the breath was out of his body, and finally prostrating himself before me with all four legs in the air, as he had been wont to do in old days when he wanted his breast-bone rubbed with my foot—a form of attention which, for some reason or other, was especially grateful to his feelings. The contrast between his fidelity and my own inconstancy struck me so forcibly that I bent over him a great deal longer than was necessary, for I felt as if Maud *must* discover the truth if I raised my eyes.

"I hope you don't want your dog back, Charley," she said, "because I give you fair warning that I don't mean to surrender him now. Mr. Le Marchant formally made him over to me in your name, and he really has a genuine regard for me, though you might not suppose it from the way he is going on at this moment."

"He has always been your property," said I; "you know, I bought him for you."

She was looking more lovely than ever, I noticed—if that had any longer been any business of mine. It was dreadful to me to think that I had renounced her; and yet I never for one moment felt it possible that that mute renunciation could be recalled.

I was glad when she went away. The Rector had half an hour's argument with Mrs. Farquhar, in the course of which I overheard her telling him that he was "just like the horse and mule, which gave no understanding;" and then the visit came to an end. I did not offer to walk back with my friends, as I should certainly have done a year before.

After a day or two the General arrived in fulfillment of his promise; and George Warren coming over with his gun, we had a very good afternoon among the turnips and the stubble. A good afternoon, that is to say, for my fellow-sportsmen: I, myself, being out of sorts, shot badly, and incurred the serious displeasure of Bunce, who observed that he didn't think nowt o' them furrineerin' trips, nor yet of kicking your heels in London all the blessed summer through. "I don't see no call for it," he concluded, decisively. The truth was that Bunce was not the only person present who was displeased with me, and I was uncomfortably aware of the fact. George Warren, on being informed of my intended destination, had put on a very grave face, and when I tried to turn the matter off by remarking that I believed Franzenshöhe was not half a bad sort of place, and that I hoped to get some shooting there, and so forth, he only looked me full in the eyes for a moment, said, "Ah! I don't know, I'm sure," and changed the subject. I had not cared much about George's censures a few months back; but times were changed now, and his very presence made me ashamed.

Nor was the day to close without shame of a still worse kind falling upon me. As we were drawing near home in the evening, we were met by my uncle and the Rector and Maud, who had walked out to inquire what sport we had had; and after the bag had been inspected, and we had all resumed our march in a body, the Rector took it into his head to ask when I was to proceed to my post, innocently remarking that I was a lucky fellow to be sent to one of the European courts, instead of to Persia, or Peru, or some such outlandish country. Up to that time the General had made no allusion to my future career; but the Rector's observation put him in mind of what I had fondly hoped he had forgotten, and he must needs choose this most inopportune moment for informing the company, with a knowing wink, that I had powerful allies at my back.

"Upon my life, Bernard, you must look after this fellow; he's a sad dog, I can tell you! I thought I might be able to give him a lift by being precious civil to the people at the Foreign Office, from the Secretary of State downward; but he knew a trick worth two of that, by George! Has he told you about his friend Lady Constance Milner yet? Look at him blushing, Miss Dennison! Never mind, Charley; don't be angry. Many an older and wiser man than you has found her ladyship irresistible."

I had a sincere affection for the General, who had always been my friend, but if wishes could kill, I really think he would have ceased to breathe then and there. In happy unconsciousness of the murderous passions that he was arousing, he went on with his cruel jocularities, only desisting when George generously came to the rescue with the bold assertion that Lady Constance was a good-natured person of whom we had happened to see a good deal on our travels, but that he didn't, for his part, think her at all likely to remember acquaintances who were out of sight.

When I raised my eyes, I found that both George and Maud were looking at me, and I saw, or thought I saw, upon the face of each of them the same expression of mingled compassion and contempt. It was a miserable moment. If I had had any presence of mind at all, I should have pursued the subject, or at all events said something, no matter what; but the sense of my guilt overpowered me, and I maintained a dismal silence, thereby making it perfectly clear to everybody that there was more ground for the General's insinuations than he himself supposed.

After that day Lady Constance was no more spoken of in my presence. What my uncle thought about her, or whether he thought about her at all, I could not guess; but he asked no questions, and was to all outward appearance quite easy in his mind with regard to my future. Maud, on her side, was scarcely less reticent, and assumed, when we met, that friendly, elder-sisterly demeanor which I had so greatly resented in days gone by, but of which I no longer felt entitled to complain.

An official command to take up my new duties without delay came ere long to put an end to a situation which was fast becoming unbearable; and I left Thirlby, glad, indeed, that the woful disclosure had been as good as made, yet half sorry that its wofulness should have been so imperfectly appreciated.

CHAPTER XV.

FRANZENSHÖHE.

THE ancient Duchy of Suabia, raised to the rank of a kingdom by the first Napoleon, and confirmed in that dignity at the Congress of Vienna, was one of the most smiling, prosperous, and contented of the secondary German States. Its low vine-clad hills, its pine woods, and rocky heights, among which the river Schlummerbach lazily meandered on its way to join the Rhine, its high-roofed villages, overtopped by the Gothic spires of a less material age, were the pride of the broad-shouldered, broad-faced folks who saluted all strangers with a bow and a friendly *Guten-Morgen*—a race whose grievances were few, and whose placid enjoyment of existence required nothing beyond a sufficiency of beer and an occasional *Kirmess* to keep it going.

Franzenshöhe, the capital, had a European celebrity as the chosen home of many musicians, artists, authors, and philosophers, all of whom flourished under the sway of King Rudolf II., a monarch of refined and literary tastes, whose ancestors had ruled in the land since the thirteenth century, and from whom he had inherited a private fortune large enough to justify him in liberally subsidizing the *Hof-theater*, building a fine new picture-gallery, and otherwise embellishing his modest metropolis.

The British Minister was rather an ornamental than a useful personage. It would be unjust alike to the Foreign Office and to Lord Rossan to say that his appointment to so unimportant a post was the measure of his abilities. The Foreign Office, as everybody knows, rises above mere considerations of ability in its selection of fit persons to represent her Majesty abroad, and Lord Rossan was universally admitted to possess all the claims to promotion that experience, good sense, and success of an unassuming kind can furnish. If, after upward of a quarter of a century spent in the service, he had obtained no higher prize than a second-class Legation, it was probably because he lacked uncles and cousins, and also because he was singularly deficient in that ambition which was meat, drink, and raiment to his half-sister. His estates in Ireland, which he never visited, were said to be heavily mortgaged; his carelessness and liberality were known to bear an inverse relation to the length of his purse: perhaps he preferred the repose and economy of Franzenshöhe, where nobody except the King was rich, to the chances of distinction offered by more brilliant and expensive capitals. At Franzenshöhe he lived, to use his own expression, like a fighting-cock. He had a house as big as a palace (indeed, it was generally spoken of by the natives as the Englische Palais); he had an excellent cook and a cosmopolitan circle of friends and acquaintances. "And what more would you have?" as he himself was wont to inquire. "Hasn't the Queen given me all I ever asked for?—not to mention my Blue Ribbon of St. Patrick, which I didn't ask for, and which cost me more than it was worth, between ourselves."

At the time when I was privileged to make his acquaintance he was an elderly gentleman, with an erect figure, a close-shaven, good-humored face, and a Celtic twinkle about the corners of his gray eyes. He was popular with all classes of society, and especially so with his subordinates, in whose company he was fond of relating good stories, to which a suspicion of a brogue lent additional humor. The brogue disappeared, together with the shooting-coat of every-day life, when he assumed his Ministerial functions, and at such times Lord Rossan displayed a dignity, a courtesy, and an acquaintance with the minor points of etiquette which had won him golden opinions at the somewhat punctilious Court to which he was accredited. By his wife, a gentle, delicate little old lady, who had the appearance of being considerably his senior, and upon whose life the loss of an only son had, many years back, cast a permanent gloom, he was adored as the best and wisest of mankind. Lady Rossan was not less kind-hearted, though she was a good deal less popular, than the sprightly Minister. She performed her duties well and easily, but without enthusiasm; she was much given to works of charity, but was not very enthusiastic about them either. The two strongest feelings in her nature were a profound admiration for her husband, and an almost equally profound horror of her husband's sister.

All the above details became known to me before I had been long domiciled with this amiable and unaffected couple. They received me with the utmost kindness; bright and sunny rooms were provided for me in a corner of their big house, and I soon found myself as much at home with them as if I had known them all my life. The other members of the Legation happened to be married men, with the exception of one, who was away on leave, and thus I was thrown into more constant and familiar intercourse with my chief than I might otherwise have been. By the aid of his friendly hints and introductions, I made friends in a very short time with all the pleasantest people in Franzenshöhe; I accompanied him to several shooting parties in the neighborhood; and altogether I should have found my new fashion of life thoroughly enjoyable if I had not been firmly convinced that enjoyment was no longer among my capacities. Of Lady Constance Lord Rossan did not say much, beyond confirming the General's report that she had specially recommended me to him, and I was too timid to do more than ask where she was, to which he replied that he believed she was paying visits in England, but that her movements were so erratic that it was difficult to say where she might be at any given moment.

One morning, however, he came in to breakfast with an open letter in his hand, and called out across the table: "Elizabeth, can we find room in our barrack for a lady who wants a drawing-room to herself, and brings a courier and a maid with her? Con writes to me that she intends spending the winter here."

Dismay was vividly depicted upon Lady Rossan's features, but she answered obediently: "Certainly, dear; there is no difficulty about rooms. But I am afraid Constance will find a winter at Franzenshöhe very dull."

"Not she," returned Lord Rossan. "I will say for her that, if she knows anything at all, she knows how to make the most of such materials as fall to her hand. Set Con down at Timbuctoo to-morrow, and I'll answer for it that before a month is out she'll have wormed herself into the confidence of the King, started a plot to turn him off his throne, struck up a hard flirtation with the Prime Minister, and made a pot of money by depreciating ivory in the market, and then buying it all up. Now isn't that true, Maxwell?"

I laughed, and said I hoped not.

"I am sure Mr. Maxwell thinks much more highly of Lady Constance than you do, dear," said Lady Rossan, quietly.

I glanced apprehensively at her, but could not discover any sign of latent irony upon her pale, grave face. Perhaps she only intended to convey a deferential note of warning to her husband, who was apt to be a little incautious in his remarks sometimes. I was not unprepared for the news of Lady Constance's proposed visit. For some time past I had felt sure that she would come; and for some time, too, I had been conscious of a great desire to see her once more. The first feeling of anger and irritation with which I had found myself enrolled in the ranks of her numerous worshippers had passed away, and had given place—I won't say to the heartache of a forsaken lover, but rather to the craving of an opium-eater for the drug which has grown into a necessity of life for him. The parallel is not a pretty one, but it serves as well as another to express the peculiar fascination which Lady Constance exercised over me. I should have been very glad to be able to live without her, but I was certain that I couldn't live without her.

As the time fixed for her arrival drew near, I became sensible of a nervous disquietude and curiosity, mingled with indefinite hopes. Upon what footing ought I to consider myself as standing with regard to her? Would she acknowledge that she had come to Franzenshöhe because I was there? and had that in reality anything to do with her unexpected descent upon her relatives? How and where would our first meeting take place?

My mind was set at rest as to the last of these queries by Lord Rossan, who, having other engagements, requested me to await his sister's arrival at the station; the remainder were speedily responded to by Lady Constance herself. Most people are tired, grimy, and cross after a long railway journey: Lady Constance stepped out on to the platform looking as fresh and neat as if she had just left her dressing-room, and in reply to my inquiry, told me that she didn't know what it was to be physically fatigued. Then, as we had a few minutes to wait while Antonio was collecting her trunks, she looked me all over from head to foot, and remarked,

"I suppose you would be desperately affronted if one said that you had grown?"

"I shouldn't be affronted if it were true," I answered; "but it isn't. I have always understood that human growth stops at the age of twenty-one, and I am past that age."

"Well, you will allow me to say that you have developed. Particularly if I add that you have improved."

I answered, perhaps a little sulkily, that I was glad she thought so. I did not quite like the turn that the conversation was taking, and broke it off to suggest that we should drive on to the Legation, and let the servants follow with the luggage. But she took it up again as soon as we were seated in the open carriage which was waiting for us. "Yes," she said, "you have improved. You are less of a hobbledehoy than you were, and you have already put on a certain professional swagger which is not unbecoming. I am sorry, however, to detect traces of care upon your countenance. Would it be presuming too far to ask whether you have been crossed in love?"

This was a little too bad. "Really," I exclaimed, "if you can't answer that question I don't know who can."

"Ah," she said, "I think I do remember your telling me something about an engaging young creature in the country to whom you were attached. I trust you didn't find that your Phyllis had taken up with another Corydon during your absence?"

"I don't know," said I, coldly, "what your object is in putting me off like this; but it seems to me that you are rather overacting your part. You will hardly persuade me that you have forgotten Taormina so soon."

She laughed a little. "It is more than six months since we were at Taormina. Still, I don't forget what I said to you that afternoon. I remember, among other things, telling you that if you cared about keeping my friendship you must be content to accept me for what I am. I was in one frame of mind at Taormina; I am in quite another to-day. You strike me as being wanting in quickness of perception, which is a great defect in a diplomatist."

There were few evenings in the week on which a friend or two did not dine with the hospitable Lord Rossan, and on this particular evening we had a somewhat larger number of guests than usual. Directly after dinner, however, the whole party adjourned to the opera, as the custom of Franzenshöhe was, only Lady Constance excusing herself on the plea of fatigue after her journey. Now, as she had already told me that she was not tired, and as she certainly presented no appearance of being so, it looked very much as though an opportunity were being offered to me, of which it only depended upon myself to take advantage. With this impression upon my mind, therefore, I saw the others into their carriages, and then, instead of walking across to the theatre after them, as I was expected to do, ran upstairs again to the drawing-room, where Lady Constance was sitting upon an ottoman, perusing the *Schwäbische Anzeiger*.

"At last!" I exclaimed, throwing myself boldly down beside her.

She did not move; but she looked at me from beneath her lowered eyelids with a slight air of surprise, which did not fail to have the effect—that it was probably intended to have—of making me rather uncomfortable. She broke the short pause that ensued by asking, in her brusque way,

"Well, does Franzenshöhe please you?"

"It does, now that you are here," I answered. "I should not be here myself but for you, should I? They told me in London that I had to thank you for my appointment."

"Yes, I believe so," said she. "I always like to do my friends a good turn when it is not too much trouble."

"You did mean to do me a good turn, then?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have called it by that name. I wished you to be sent here."

"Why did you wish that? Was it—I know it sounds rather presumptuous to ask—but was it at all because you wanted me to be in the same place as you?"

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "Perhaps," she said.

That was quite enough for me. All the pent-up emotions of six months rushed from my heart to my lips, and poured themselves forth in a rhapsody which I do not now feel called upon to put into print. In the course of it I told her the whole history of my boyish love for Maud Dennison, and tried to explain how, all of a sudden and greatly against my will, I had been forced to admit that that love was not what I had supposed it to be. I made no secret of the fact that my passion for herself had brought me a great deal more pain than happiness, but added that, after what I had told her, she would at least not doubt its sincerity. She heard me out without interruption. Once or twice she seemed to be touched, and even—as I fancied—a little bit remorseful. But when I wound up by seizing her hand impetuously, her face changed, and she drew back with a look of cold displeasure.

"Ah!" she said; "let us understand one another, if you please. What does all this mean?"

"What does it mean?" I echoed, stupidly. "It means that I love you—that I would die for you—that—"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, impatiently; "that is understood: we know all that. The question is, what do you expect? Because your way of conducting yourself leads one to suppose that you expect something."

I shook my head. "I know it's hopeless," I said; and in truth the hopeless nature of my adoration was not the least of its attractions for me. At a certain age the prospect of a blighted life and an early demise possesses charms at which we smile in after-years, though I am not sure that there is much to laugh at in "feeling's dull decay," or that one is any the better for knowing that nothing signifies particularly.

"I know it's hopeless," I repeated; "but I had to tell you."

Upon this she ceased to frown. "Don't despair," said she; "you will get over this attack all in good time, and marry your Miss Dennison—or somebody else, perhaps, and be as happy as other people."

I shook my head again.

"Oh yes, you will," she declared, encouragingly; "and, if you are disposed to give the devil his due, you may recollect that I took some trouble to drive you away from my perilous neighborhood."

Soon after this she dismissed me, and I thought it as well to proceed to the theatre, where I arrived in time to see the last act of the *Prophète* from Lord Rossan's box. Nobody asked me where I had been, but kind Lady Rossan, who had suspicions, grounded, no doubt, upon past experience, found a favorable moment to whisper a few words of good advice to me.

"I have no son of my own," she said, in conclusion, "so I sometimes take the liberty to interfere with young men who have no mother. I am afraid my sister-in-law is not one of the ladies whom your mother, if she were still alive, would like to see you very attentive to."

I thanked her, and got away as soon as I could. Her counsel was well meant, but it came far too late to be of any use, and what little effect it might have had upon me would have been quite cancelled when I discovered, as I soon did, that she and Lady Constance were scarcely upon speaking terms. They met every day, and never reached the point of open disagreement; the elder lady persistently ignored the younger, by whom, in her turn, she was as persistently ignored.

"Lady Rossan," said the Minister to me one day in a moment of confidence, "is one of the best women, and incomparably the best hater, I have ever known."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE HUGH J. HASTINGS.

THE editor and proprietor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, the oldest newspaper in the city, died in his cottage at Monmouth Beach, near Long Branch, New Jersey, at seven o'clock on the evening of the 12th of September, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, after an illness caused by injuries received ten days before, when an express wagon was driven against his carriage and overturned it. Mr. HASTINGS's death was entirely unexpected by the public, as the daily bulletins printed after the accident indicated a gradual improvement in his condition. When the end came, it was entirely peaceful.

HUGH J. HASTINGS was one of those sturdy north of Ireland men who are quick to seize and strong to hold the opportunities offered by this republic to noble ambition and indomitable pluck. He came hither a child of eight years, without friends, save his father and mother and seven brothers and sisters, all of them in very modest circumstances; he closed his career rich, prosperous, and with troops of friends. Enemies he had, too, but these were the natural result of the exercise of those very qualities that inspire and fashion the most enduring friendships. Frankness, courage, perseverance, the recognition of no such word as fail, singleness of purpose, uncompromising partisanship, combativeness, and self-confidence are traits that overcome obstacles, and enable their possessor to choose and occupy the vantage-ground. These traits were his, and in their company were generosity, genial humor, and bluff and unaffected manners; so that those who liked Mr. HASTINGS liked him very much, and those who disliked him hated him. From the time when, a lad of ten years, he ran on errands for a dry-goods dealer in William Street, his one ambition was to become a journalist, and to have a journal of his own. With seven dollars and fifty cents in capital—good old days were those—he started the Albany *Knickerbocker*, and rode on that successful venture into the arena of politics, where for forty years he felt himself at home, because he knew how to win. The *Commercial Advertiser*, which he took from the hands of THURLOW WEED in 1868, which NOAH WEBSTER, the lexicographer, had brought into existence as a Federalist of the Federalists, and which, whether Federalist, National Republican, Whig, or Republican, had always been first and foremost a political newspaper, was at once the object and the goal of his professional pride. He would have sold himself sooner than have sold it. The most lucrative offers to part with it did not even tempt him; and it was his delight and his business to cherish its political traditions, and to make it a power in the Republican party. Like a true editor of the old régime, he never failed to attend a convention of his party, and to become personally acquainted with its leading spirits; and if the issue was one of Stalwartism or Half-Breedism, who was more apt in inventing such designative terms, or more skillful in ringing the changes on them?

Mr. HASTINGS will long be missed, even in this busy and forgetful metropolis. Those who knew him best were not surprised that his own journal said of him on the evening after his death: "Every man whose duties connect him with the *Commercial Advertiser* feels that he has experienced a personal loss. There was about HUGH J. HASTINGS a geniality, a sincerity, an appreciation of his co-laborers, which endeared him to all who held business relations with him, or served under his direction."

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT, SAN FRANCISCO.

ON page 597 we give a picture of the GARFIELD statue to be erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California. The corner-stone of the foundation on which the statue will rest was laid on the 24th of August, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Masons in California, assisted by the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States. More than 100,000 people witnessed the ceremonies.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A WITNESS who, because of his prominence in the National Labor Party, may be presumed to see the problems of life from the laboring-man's point of view, testified recently before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in this city that he maintained that a person could "go through life very comfortably on an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year." In this cautious statement his disciples who are working the year round for a dollar or two a day will doubtless coincide.

A number of cow-boys, wearing sombreros, buckskin garments, and big revolvers as evidences of their genuineness, were arrested in Chicago not along ago. They explained that they had not come to capture the town, but to bring a lot of cattle, and the police let them go, after taking the precaution to deprive them of their weapons.

In an appeal to the Secretary of the Interior for a new suit of clothes Little Chief, a Cheyenne Indian, says: "I don't care much for grub, but I do like to dress in proper style. I want the best white hat you can purchase in the market." There are a good many people who live much nearer New York than does this dude of the Western wilds who give dress the preference when compelled to choose between it and a good table. They are less frank than he is, however.

A committee acting for the National Rod and Reel Association has given an opinion as to the difference between an amateur and a professional fisherman. An amateur is defined as one who has never fished for a living, has never been a guide, and has never been engaged in the sale or manufacture of fishing-tackle. In the fly-casting contests at Harlem Mere, in Central Park, last fall, one of the most expert of the contestants was an angler of whom it was said that he had never caught a fish. He was in the employment of a firm that dealt in anglers' materials, and had cast lines in barren waters till he had attained almost absolute perfection.

A firm of lawyers in London advertises in this city the proposed sale in England of an "old ancestral estate" which has been owned by the family of the present holders for more than four centuries. It is set forth that the estate includes an entire village, of which the buyer will be the absolute owner, and that he "must necessarily take a high social position in the county," because he will find himself surrounded by the family properties of neighboring noblemen and gentlemen. If the purchaser should happen to be shrewd in driving a bargain, perhaps he could get some ancestors thrown in, so that, like the Major-General in the *Pirates of Penzance*, he could enjoy the melancholy pleasure of weeping in the event of his happening to casually disgrace them.

There are two explanations of the fact that the two thousand persons living on Poquoson Island, at the mouth of York River, Virginia, are practically without postal accommodations. One is that the postmaster has been drunk for four months, but because he is the only Mahone man on the island the inhabitants have to choose between having him for their postmaster and having none. The other explanation is that another man has been appointed, but has neglected to qualify, and the islanders have not asked for the appointment of another.

"He will probably be tried by a citizens' jury," is the closing sentence of a story about the capture of a desperado in Arizona. "Citizens' jury" sounds well, but the term is employed to designate the most informal of tribunals known in the West.

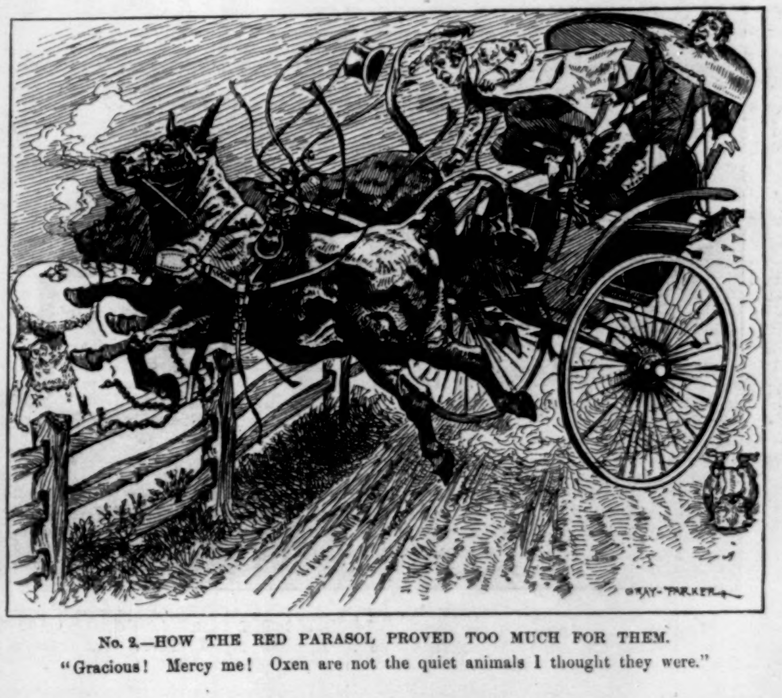
Among the foreign actresses who arrived this fall from other lands was one whose chief delight did not arise from the bare fact that she was once more in this beautiful land, and in the midst of this kind and appreciative public. She was delighted, to be sure, but she frankly said it was because her precious little dog could now have fresh milk every day.

It is suggested that the reason why our government vessels so often visit the harbor at Newport in the course of the summer is that the people of foreign nations may be impressed with the magnitude of the United States navy.

The story is told of an American lady who at an inn in Normandy was deputed, as being the best French scholar in her party, to make the arrangements for their accommodation. She did her best—which was a long way short of perfection—but the clerk did not catch her meaning, and his remarks were jargon to her. Finally, in desperation, she said, slowly and with awful distinctness, "Do—you—speak—English?"

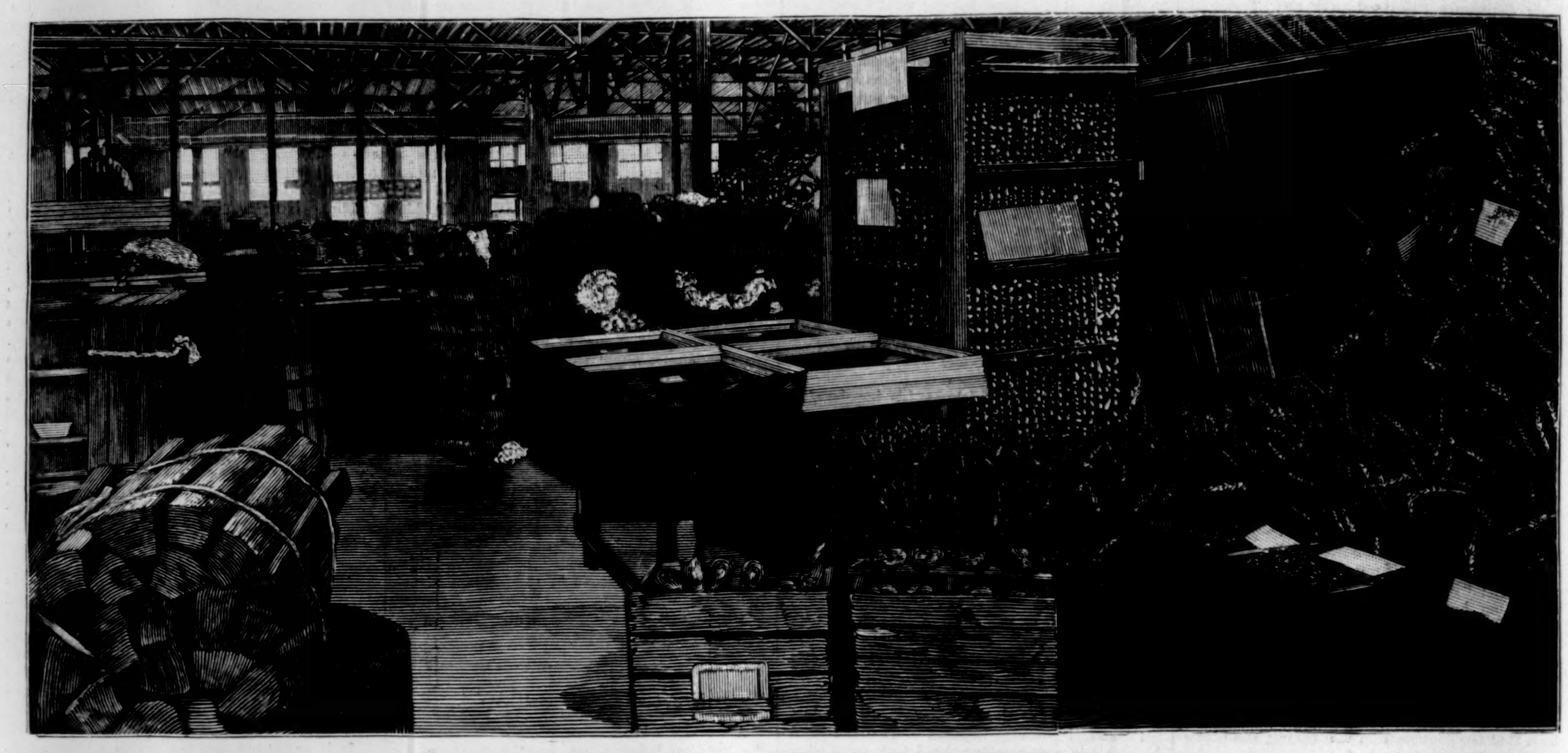
"Wa'al, neow you're jest talkin'," shouted the clerk. "Guess I'd orter speak English. I was raised ten miles from Ban-*gor*."

The perils of canoeing on salt-water were illustrated a few days ago in New York Bay. Three of the shell-like craft of the New York Canoe Club were dancing on the blue waves, when a squall came across the water. One of the canoeists had a passenger whom he had instructed to sit very quietly in the centre of the boat. The passenger was a heavy man, and he followed his instructions so faithfully that when the wind bent the little sails down toward the water the boat's burden was top-heavy. Into the water the two voyagers went, and one of the other boats was upset while hastily putting about to go to the rescue. A ferry-boat was near, and the heavy man swam to it. The loose ballast in the canoe shifted to the stern when the two men were spilled out, and the boat stood upright in the water. To the upper end the skipper clung, like a pennant at a mast-head, till a crew of deck hands who came from the ferry-boat insisted upon rescuing him despite his declaration that he greatly preferred to stay by his canoe and take it ashore. The captain of the second canoe that upset was also rescued, and the third canoe—which did not capsize—was brought into service as a wrecking boat. The canoeists sipped hot coffee that evening in their club-house, and made merry over their afternoon's experience. In the morning they read the story of their rescue, as it had been graphically told by one of the ferry-boat's deck hands, and they were surprised that they still lived.

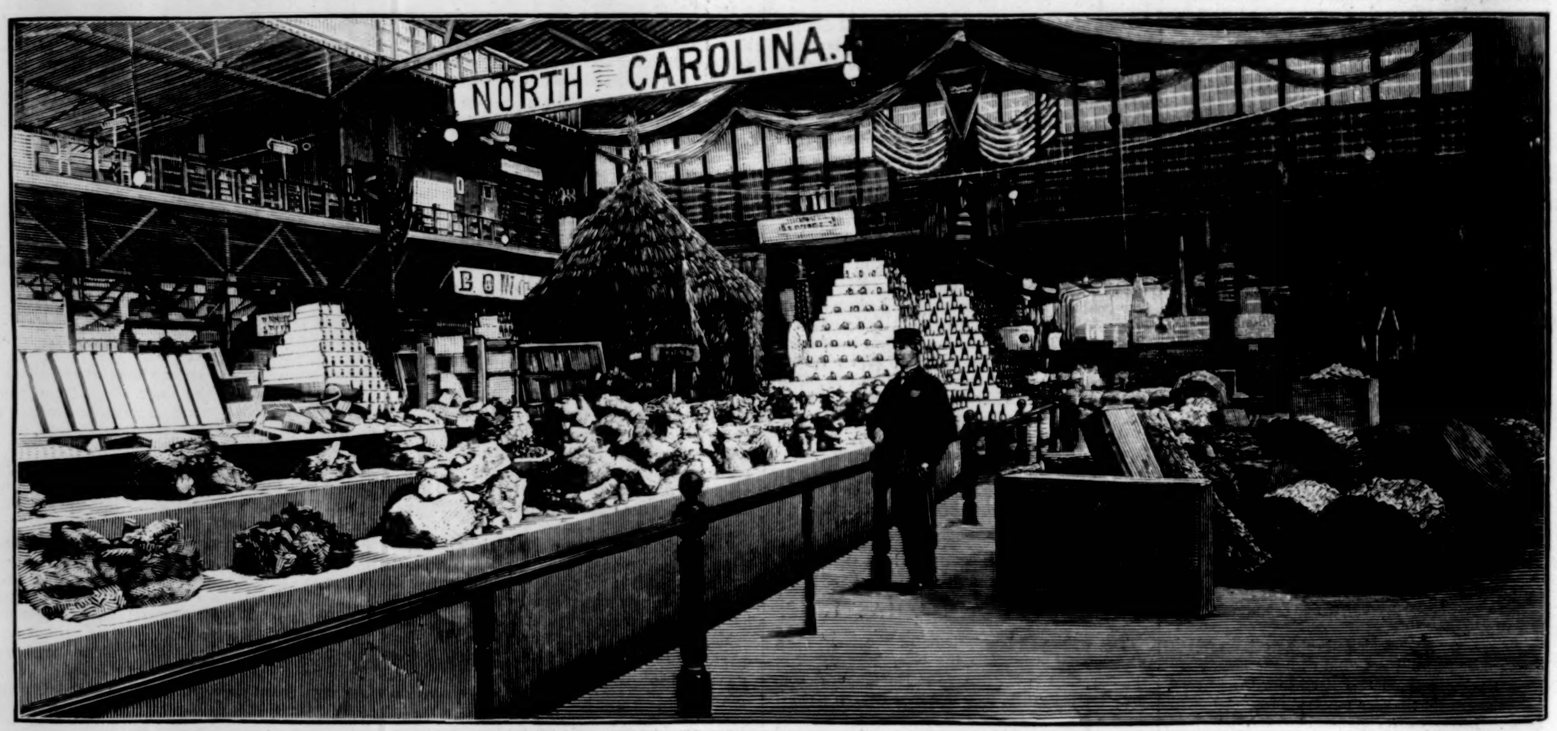


No. 2.—HOW THE RED PARASOL PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

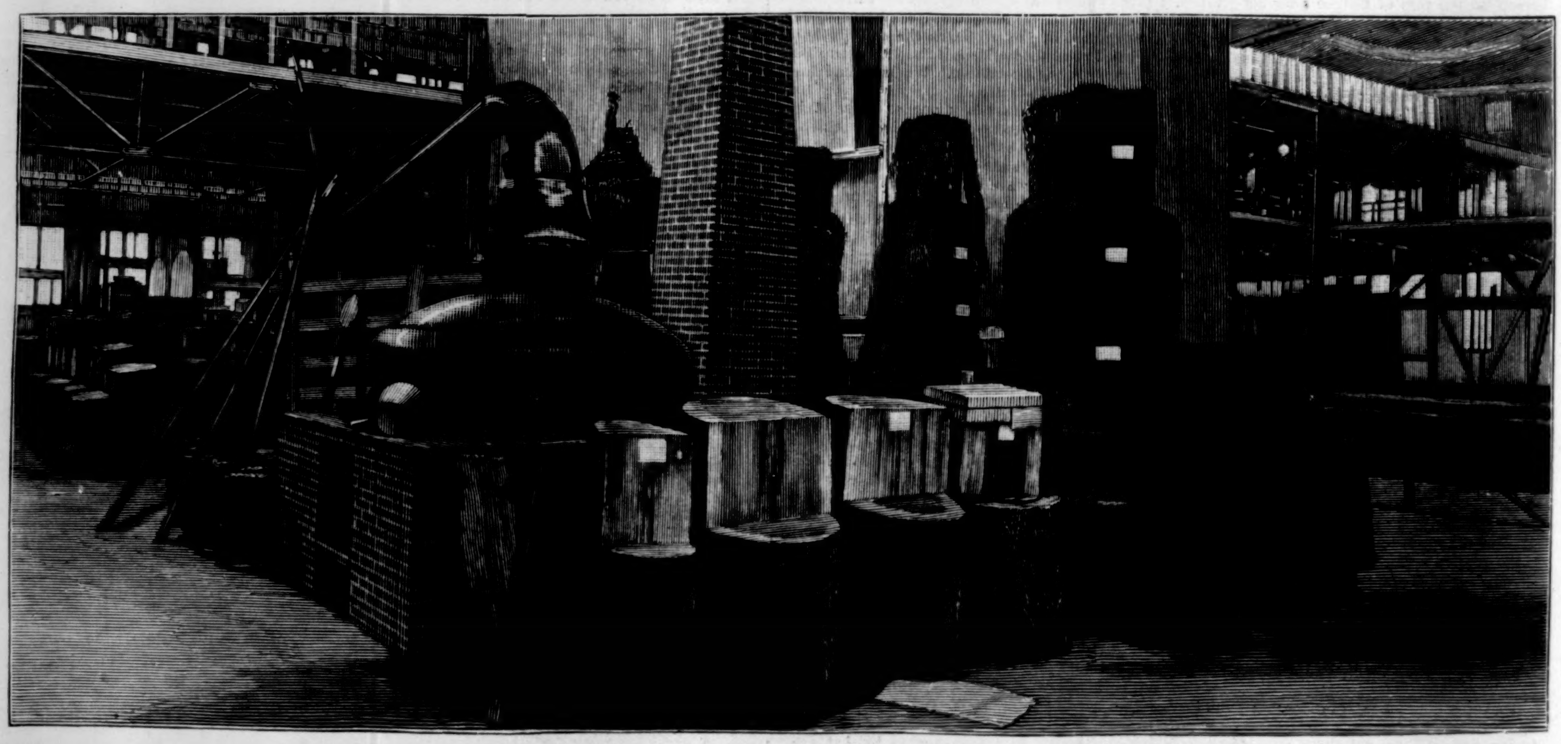
"Gracious! Mercy me! Oxen are not the quiet animals I thought they were."



THE AGRICULTURAL SECTION—COTTON, SILK COCOONS, AND CEREALS.

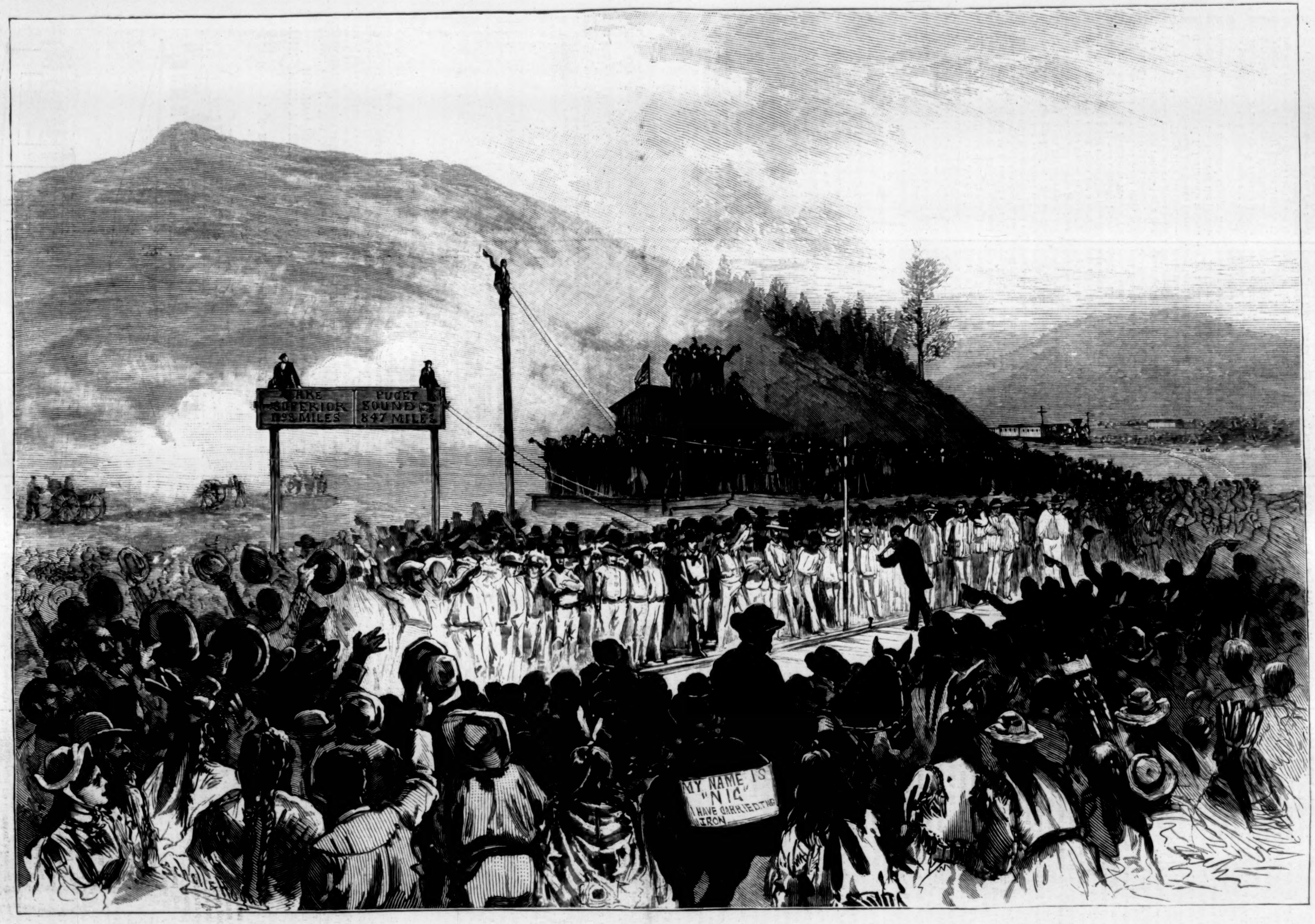

NORTH CAROLINA.

THE MINERAL DISPLAY—IRON ORES, ETC.

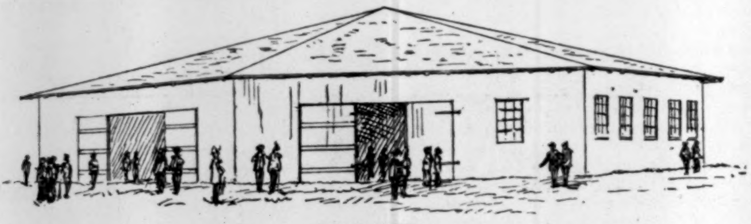


TURPENTINE STILL AND DISPLAY OF WOODS.

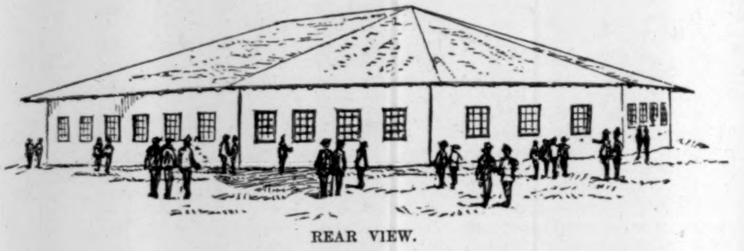
THE BOSTON INDUSTRIAL FAIR—NORTH CAROLINA EXHIBIT.—From Photographs by Black.—[See Page 603.]


LAKE SUPERIOR 1198 MILES
PUGET SOUND 847 MILES
MY NAME IS "NIG" I HAVE CARRIED THE IRON
Schell & Hogan

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC JUBILEE—DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from a Sketch by Charles Graham.—[See Page 594.]



FRONT VIEW.



REAR VIEW.

THE REPUBLICAN WIGWAM, RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

THE CHIEF EVENTS OF THE RACING SEASON.

"EOLE! Eole!" That shout reverberated all through the grand stand at Monmouth Park after the greatest race of the season, and one of the greatest races ever run in this country. A great crowd had gathered to witness it, and the greatest horses in the land, ridden by the finest jockeys, were in it—and this on a Tuesday, which is usually a light day for any course. But it was an extra race, made up for a special object. This is how it came about:

There are two events in the midsummer season at Monmouth Park which attract unusual attention. One is the race for the Omnibus Stakes for three-year-olds; the other the race for the Monmouth Stakes. The latter is undoubtedly the more important; but there is often a display of brilliant running and riding in the Omnibus Stakes. At any rate, it deserves mention here, because it had a bearing on the extra race of Tuesday, August 28. It was won in splendid style by Drake Carter, a Western horse, who had come into prominence at Saratoga by defeating the Dwyer Brothers' Barnes. He led in the race for the Omnibus Stakes the veteran Monitor, Pizarro, and other famous racers, all around the course, and near the end drew lengths away from them with a fine burst of speed, winning easily. Although a race so easily won is not nearly as exciting as a close finish, Drake Carter's performance awakened unbounded enthusiasm. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who is every inch a gentleman sportsman, may have felt chagrin at Pizarro's defeat, but he did not show it. He merely asked Mr. Morris (Drake Carter's owner) what he would take for his horse, and when the latter mentioned $17,500, drew him a check for that amount.

The race for the Monmouth Stakes was run the Saturday preceding the great race of Tuesday, August 28. It attracted a vast crowd by reason of the importance of the event, and because Mr. Lorillard's Iroquois, the winner of the Derby, was to make his American début. He is an American horse, but was taken to England a yearling, and the Monmouth Stakes was his first race in his native country. The public, which always has firm faith in a great horse, backed him with their favorable opinions, and what by some would be considered a higher tribute, with their money. But experienced turfmen showed no such confidence in him. He had won, only in June last, a victory on the English turf, and had since then been subjected to the hardships of a sea-voyage. A racer needs a certain amount of exercise to keep limber, and it was obviously impossible for the Derby winner to take his daily constitutional canter aboard ship. The doubts of the old turfmen were confirmed, for Iroquois was badly beaten, being third at the finish, with the Dwyer Brothers' George Kinney victor, and Eole second.

But neither Mr. Lorillard nor the public were willing to attribute the Derby winner's defeat to the fact that he was not thoroughly seasoned. They attributed it rather to a mistake in the policy of Feakes, his rider, who, they thought, held him back too long, so that his splendid burst of speed near the end of the race could not carry him past Eole or George Kinney. So, as Mr. Lorillard was anxious to run Iroquois again, and back him with Drake Carter, his recent purchase, and the owners of the other horses in the struggle seemed willing to enter them for a similar contest, the association made up another race for the following Tuesday. It was officially known as the renewal of the Monmouth Stakes for three-year-olds and upward at $500 each, with $2500 added, of which $1000 to the second. The crowd which it attracted was rewarded by a race great in all respects—a race won by a great horse after a grand struggle. There were five entries—Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois and Drake Carter, Mr. Gebhard's Eole, Mr. G. L. Lorillard's veteran race-horse Monitor, and the victor of the preceding Saturday, the Dwyer Brothers' George Kinney.

The preliminaries to a great race are usually very interesting. Some twenty minutes before the start the horses appear on the track and try their speed. You can easily tell the favorite by gauging the applause which greets each horse as it sweeps past the grand stand. The great racers of both the Lorillard brothers come on the track with a guard of honor. On the Saturday of the original Monmouth Stakes Iroquois entered the track escorted by Gonfalon. On Tuesday he appeared escorted by Drake Carter. Feakes on Iroquois and Shauer on Drake Carter wore Mr. Lorillard's colors, the famous cherry, black hoops on sleeves, black cap and gold tassels, which have shown first across the line in so many races. Monitor, ridden by Billy Hayward, who showed Mr. G. L. Lorillard's striking blue and orange, the favorite colors of the sporting members of the fair sex, was, as usual, escorted by Volusia. George Kinney was guided by McLaughlin in the Dwyers' red with blue sash, while W. Donohue, who has become so identified with Eole that you never expect to see Donohue without Eole or Eole without Donohue, was resplendent in Mr. Gebhard's red and gold spots. Iroquois, notwithstanding his defeat, was still the favorite, paired with Drake Carter; George Kinney was next favorite; then came Eole; and lastly Monitor. There was a curious incident before the race. Among all the great horses, Eole alone has, for some reason, been allowed to canter by the grand stand unapplauded. On this occasion there was a ripple of applause. "It's the first time," said an old racer to me, "I ever heard him clapped. He's been shabbily treated. All he needs to show up brilliantly in a race is a little encouragement."

The horses galloped to the post, and the starter raised his red flag. As the race will always stand out prominently among American sporting events, it is worth describing. To follow the description it is necessary to know the general lay of the track. It forms an ellipse covering a mile in distance. A mile race begins at the grand stand. From there the horses run on a straight stretch for about a furlong, then they go around the turn to the quarter-mile post, then straight down the back stretch to the half-mile post, near which there is another turn, known as the lower turn, which brings them to the three-quarter-mile post, whence there is a straight stretch home. The race in question, being at a mile and a half, began at the half-mile post, went down the lower turn, past the three-quarter-mile post, over the stretch, past the stand, to the turn, around the turn, past the quarter-mile post, down the back stretch, past the half-mile post, down the lower turn again, past the three-quarter-mile post again, and home to the grand stand.

As the horses gathered at the post the crowd held its breath with excitement. There was one break away, and then the starter's flag fell. They were off. Eole had sprung away first, with George Kinney second, Monitor third, Iroquois fourth, and Drake Carter fifth. It seemed Mr. Lorillard's policy to tire out Iroquois's most dangerous rival, for when Monitor took the lead as they sped around the lower turn, Drake Carter captured second place with a rush, running only a short length behind the leader. Before the three-quarter-mile post was reached there was a desperate struggle for the lead between Monitor and Drake Carter, who ran neck and neck with the veteran down the stretch, and dropped him before the grand stand. At the same time George Kinney passed Monitor and captured second place, Monitor running a close third, Eole fourth, and Iroquois in the rear. They went around the turn and past the quarter-mile post in the same order. Down the back stretch Drake Carter still set the pace. As he neared the half-mile post he drew, with a tremendous burst of speed, two lengths away from George Kinney. Then he began to fall back. Now or never seemed the time for Iroquois to come forward. But to all appearances he was hopelessly in the rear, beaten unless equal to a miraculous burst of speed at the finish. Kinney was sailing along in front, Drake Carter was still falling back, and Eole had glided past Monitor into third place. They came around the lower turn in this order. Then at the three-quarter-mile post Drake Carter, game to the very end, seeing that Iroquois was not coming forward, made one last supreme effort to head George Kinney, but the latter entered the home-stretch leader by a quarter of a length.

And now, as the vast crowd was carried to its feet by excitement, the son of Eolus and War Song began to show the metal of his sire. Billy Donohue's red and gold spots were seen shimmering through the dust of Kinney and Carter, and a moment later the dust from Eole flew back to them. It looked as if he had come to the front with one buoyant, elastic bound. You could hear the whips whacking on Kinney and Carter, but Eole was dashing home. A moment more and he had crossed the wire, winner of the greatest race of this and many seasons. He had received before the race what the old turfman said he needed—"a little encouragement."

Mr. Pierre Lorillard was bitterly disappointed at Iroquois' poor performance. But while this horse may have lost in popularity by his defeat, Mr. Lorillard is still the most popular man on the turf. The public knows that through his efforts and those of a few others horse-racing has been lifted from a scheme for gulling and skinning the public to a gentleman-like sport. The defeat, by-the-way, was a vindication for Feakes, for it showed that the horse was beaten on his own merits, not by poor riding.

Having shown his speed at Monmouth, Eole showed both speed and staying power in the more recent three-mile race on the Sheepshead Bay course. In this race he defeated Mr. G. L. Lorillard's Aella and Mr. McElmeel's General Monroe, who had won a similar race at Saratoga. Aella set a fast pace for the first two and a half miles, and then Eole closed on her. At the same time General Monroe came forward with a rush, and there was a grand struggle between him and Eole. But just as Billy Donohue was getting ready to whip, the General swerved from fatigue. From this point Eole bounded away from him, winning, without whipping, in 5.27. The time is very fast, considering that Eole carried one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The distance has been made in less time, but not under such heavy weight. Moreover, Eole was perfectly fresh at the finish.

This strong, stout, steady horse is a grandson of Leamington. In *Krik's Standard Guide* his record shows that he did not run at all as a two-year-old. Since he was bought by Messrs. Gebhard and Hunter, who raced as the Pelham Stables, and especially since the former has been sole owner, he has often been on the track. Until this year, when he went into the hands of Snedeker as trainer, whose first rider is Donohue, he was ridden by Barber. So far this year he has won the Coney Island Cup, the Hurrah Cup, the Navesink Handicap, and the Freehold Stakes, besides the two races described. He is five years old, and in every way worthy of his sire and grandsire, Eolus and Leamington.

But while this season of racing will be memorable chiefly for Eole's brilliant victories, there were some fine contests in the minor events. Besides the horses mentioned, Mr. G. L. Lorillard's Volusia and Thackeray, Mr. Withers's Kinglike, and the Dwyers' Wandering and Ecuador carried off honors in the flat races, and that fine jumper Jim McGowan justified the sobriquet of the "Pride of Brighton" in the steeple-chases.

I wish one feature could be eliminated from racing—betting on the part of women. I have seen women watching contests with the flush of the gambler on their cheeks. They usually begin by backing horses because they like the colors of the jockeys. I am afraid the famous orange and blue is often responsible for the first false step. G. K.

MAMMA'S MAMMA.

MISS GRACIA MELICENT DAVENANT was the centre of an admiring circle at Mrs. Broughton's garden party, as indeed she always was wherever she went. For an exceedingly pretty and attractive girl was Gracia Melicent. Her complexion was as transparently fair as the whitest of morning-glories, and she had a way of flushing when enthusiastic about anything, which was at least once in every five minutes, that straightway sent the morning-glories out of your head, and set you thinking of wild roses instead.

Then her eyes were a sort of beautiful green-blue, and they flashed and sparkled like emeralds one moment, and sapphires the next; and her hair—well, that was a wonder indeed; old-gold in color, and rippling nearly to her little feet when unloosed, and crowning her shapely head, when "done up," with a diadem that many a princess would have given her really and truly crown for, albeit said crown were ever so thickly studded with jewels rich and rare. And her mouth was lovely, though she was wont to open it a little too widely when she laughed; and her chin had an adorable dimple in it; and she was moderately tall and very well formed; and she danced charmingly, and played the piano and harp in a like manner; and she had the cunningest burr in her speech.

Must have been perfection, you say. No; she fell short of that, for she had two defects—one personal and one mental (I wish I had no more), the personal being rather large hands; the mental, undue ancestral pride. The latter defect was the result of maternal influence and teaching, Mrs. Davenant being among the most particular of the residents—I mean the old residents—of the City of Brotherly Love, in regard to the ancestry of those who sought the honor of her acquaintance. She was a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, rather robust woman, a little too lady-like in her manners; that is, too closely observant of all petty society rules. Indeed, she gave to an outsider the idea that she was constantly on the watch lest she should infringe the least of them.

"Papa's great-grandfather," Gracia would say, flushing and dimpling, "was Governor of his native State for two terms, and his grandfather was a celebrated clergyman, and his father was a Judge of the Supreme Court, and they all married ladies from the first families in the land. But mamma's family date back to royalty; they are descended from kings and queens. Why, mamma's mamma still lives, surrounded by faithful retainers, in an old castle by the sea, in England. Mamma can not induce her to leave it. She looks upon republican America with aristocratic scorn. It is from her mamma gets her deep blue eyes and blue-black hair, and I my dimple. Some day, mamma says, we may go to see her; that is, if she can ever be brought to forgive the runaway match with papa (he was travelling through Europe when he met and fell in love with and married mamma, you know); and if I should be fortunate enough to please the fastidious old lady, she may give me the family jewels. I should like to go immensely. And—I suppose it is a dreadful thing for me to avow—I should like to stay there and live under a monarchy. I've always thought to live under a monarchy must be delightful, and no doubt my feeling on the subject, as well as the dimple in my chin, is all owing to mamma's mamma."

And in this way she was holding forth at the garden party, to the great gratification of the young ladies and gentlemen who surrounded her, with one exception. That one exception was William Merrill, a young farmer, and distant relation of Mrs. Broughton's, at whose father's farm Gracia had spent all her vacations from early childhood until early womanhood. And very happy vacations they had been, too, with the handsome young fellow, only two years her senior, always ready to do her bidding, and his many brothers and sisters and cousins equally ready to follow his lead. And to this farm, after she attained womanhood, Miss Davenant continued to come for a visit of a month or more every summer. "And I intend to come every summer as long as I live, if possible," she said to Mrs. Merrill, "for it is one of the dearest and pleasantest places in the world, and the Merrills are the kindest of people, and I never, *never* can forget them."

But in spite of her promise to his mother, she had told Will the day before the garden party that Lilac Farm should know her no more. And why? Because the poor youth had confessed his love for her (as though she hadn't known of it all along!—take my word for it, there's no one more artful in some things than an artless young girl), and had begged her to give him the faintest hope that at some time, however distant, she would become his wife.

"Will, I am astonished at you—I am, indeed," was her reply to his impassioned appeal, "knowing my sentiments as well as you do. Marry a farmer, and a farmer who don't even know who his great-grandfathers were, and whose grandfathers are market-gardeners! Good gracious! what would mamma's mamma say? Good-by to the family jewels, for good, then. But pray don't take my refusal to heart"—observing the pained expression on his face. "You are rich, good-looking, clever, and a gentleman in all senses of the word but one (unfortunately, though, that is the very one that mamma and mamma's mamma insist upon), and there's many a girl, much nicer than I, who would be glad to be your wife. I like you ever so much myself, and if I had not inherited this family pride so very strongly, might have liked you better. But there! it can't be, and I sha'n't come to the dear old farm again."

Poor Will! he resolved to leave Broughton Villa that night—but didn't. Then he started to go in the morning, but turned back before he reached the outer gate. And the afternoon found him still lingering and lingering near the fair aristocrat who had wrought his woe. But when again she began to speak, with a proud toss of her golden head, of her distinguished ancestors, he made another attempt to break his chains; and striding wrathfully from the spot, he very nearly tumbled over a little old woman who was coming along, taking high steps as though she had been accustomed to walking over planted fields, and leading, of all things in the world in this place, by a stout cord, a small white pig.

"Sure, sorr," said she, stopping and dropping a courtesy, "could ye be afther tellin' me where I could be afther findin' wan Gracey Dayvaynant? I've something for that same gurril from the ould counthry, an' they tell me she's hereabouts, sorr."

"A messenger from mamma's mamma—one of the old retainers, confound them!" said Will to himself. And then he said, aloud, "Follow me, and I'll take you to the young lady."

So back he turned, not at all loath to do so, notwithstanding his determination of a few minutes before, and, followed by the little old woman (who wore, by-the-bye, a white cap with a huge frill, a brown woollen petticoat, and a short red woollen cloak) leading the small white pig, he once more sought the place where Miss Davenant was holding court. "That is the young lady," he said, pointing her out to the little old woman.

"The blissid Mary!" exclaimed that personage. "Sure an' she's the rale beauty!"—at the same time, in her excitement, giving the cord she held in her hand such a jerk that the animal at the other end of it uttered a loud remonstrant squeal, which caused every head to be turned toward the new-comer, and every face to assume an expression of amused surprise.

The little old woman forced her way through the crowd of beaux and belles, dropping courtesies right and left as she went, dragging after her the reluctant, squealing pig, until she stood directly before the proud and lovely Gracia Melicent.

"The Lord love yer purty face!" she said. "Sure it's well worth comin' all the way from ould Oireland to see. An' that same have I done, me darlint, though not a wurrid, but a few pounds now an' thin, have I got from me own daughter since she ran away wid the Yankee. But I heard of ye, me dear, from your ould nurse, Rosey McGill—she that came home to die five years ago—an' I was daytarmined to look upon ye before Death, the ould villain, summoned *me* wid, 'Aha, Kitty O'Brien, it's meself that's afther ye!' So I sowld me bit of a house an' me three foine cows, an' all me possessions barrin' a ryal prisint I saved for ye, Gracey me darlint, and brought along over the say wid me—whisht! be still, ye squ'alin thafe of the worruld—an' here he is, a jewel of a pig, the loike of which can't be found in all Ameriky. But phy don't ye shpake to me, darlint? Phy do ye sit there as dumb as Biddy Kinnedy's corpse sivin days dead? Haven't ye a wurrid of wilcome for your own mamma's mamma?"

With a wild shout of laughter the courtiers fled—forgive them; they could not have helped it to have saved their lives—and as the last of them disappeared, the poor princess descended from her throne. "I must leave this place at once," she said, with a humble, pleading look at

Will. "I couldn't bear to meet one of these people again. Will you help me—us" (glancing at the little old woman)—"to get away?"

"Of course I will," answered the manly young fellow. "And come back to the old homestead, Gracia. Do, my dear. Father and mother and all the sisters and brothers and cousins will be delighted to see you and your mamma's mamma and"—and this was the only revenge he ever took for her past flouting—"the family jewel."

She went, and she staid.

Margaret Eytinge.

THE CAPITAL OF DAKOTA.

The energetic and ambitious citizens of Bismarck, Dakota, were fortunate in securing the Northern Pacific Railroad excursion party at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Capitol. There has been a long struggle between the people of Northern Dakota and those in the southern portion of the Territory for the honor of the capital. Bismarck has finally been agreed upon as the seat of government, and the corner-stone of the edifice was laid September 5, on the arrival of the trains conveying the railroad excursion across the continent. Bismarck was all alive with excitement and enthusiasm. The slender resources of the frontier community were exhausted to furnish forth a pageant befitting the great event. A procession was organized, and, with music and banners, the local dignitaries marshalled the party to a high bluff about a mile and a half from the town, and overlooking the valley of the Missouri, on which the new Capitol is to stand. A rough scaffolding served as a platform for the orators and chief men of the occasion. All around were grouped cow-boys, citizens, frontiersmen, visitors from afar, and natives of the soil.

The closeness with which modern civilization jostles barbarism on the frontiers of the republic was illustrated at the Bismarck celebration by the picturesque intermingling of the American aborigines with representatives of the various cities of the Union and of Europe. There were Sioux from the Standing Rock Agency, sixty miles south of Bismarck, among the spectators of the ceremony, in which participated General Grant, ex-Secretary Evarts, Mr. Henry Villard, Secretary Teller, and notables from England, Germany, and France. No less a person than the eminent Sioux chief Sitting Bull looked upon the motley gathering. Other famous chiefs in the party were Flying By, Crow Eagle, Long Dog, Two Bears, and Gray Eagle. It is not long since these chieftains claimed for their people the vast valley of the Missouri, and they only retreated before the advance of the white man with his civilization when overpowered by numbers and superior weapons of war. Now the capital of Dakota dominates the region, and very soon a noble building will rise on the bluff above the town—a conspicuous landmark for many miles around. The shrill call of the railroad whistle, the clatter of trains, and the whir of manufacturing industry will dispel forever the primeval silence of the land of the Dakotas.

THE BOSTON INDUSTRIAL FAIR.

NORTH CAROLINA EXHIBIT.

The exhibit which is sure first to attract the notice of the visitor to the main floor of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute Fair in Boston is that of the State of North Carolina. Not only does it hold the place of honor—the centre of the large expanse—but its extent, variety, and completeness in many departments make it most impressive and instructive. The statement in the old histories that "the chief products of North Carolina are tar, pitch, and turpentine" is controverted by the actual evidence which is given in this exhibit of other products and other industries far outweighing in importance the historical "tar, pitch, and turpentine," though there is also tangible evidence that the resinous pine yields a handsome percentage of the annual income of the State in a display which is made of the various steps in the turpentine industry—the scarified and resin-coated tree trunks, the axe, scraper, and dippers used in collecting it, the turpentine still and its accessories, and the various products thereof ready for market. This portion of the exhibit occupies one corner only of the portion of area devoted to the forestry department, one of the three grand divisions of the North Carolina exhibit, the others being the mineral and the agricultural departments. The turpentine still is appropriately flanked on either hand by bales of "pine hair"—a nicely curled and elastic fibre for filling mattresses, cushions, and other upholstery, made from the long needles of the Southern pine, and retaining all its aromatic fragrance—and by smoothed and varnished specimens of the woods of the field, the curly and other varieties of pine. It is perhaps in this very department of forestry that one is most impressed with the resources of the State. In many other collections may be found equally fine specimens of ores, of building stones, and of precious metals and minerals. Some of the Western States can show corn, wheat, and oats to cast the North Carolina products in the shade, but where else will one see a sassafras log nearly a foot and a half in diameter, a white-oak section nearly six feet in diameter, which grew seventeen feet above the ground, or a sumac trunk six inches in diameter, or a poplar almost thirty feet in circumference? For building and other purely industrial purposes there are the white, the red, the black, and the water oaks, the several varieties of hickory, the gums, yellow, cotton, sweet, tupelo, etc., red cedar, chestnut, maple of various species, black walnut, and others. For special purposes there are the persimmon and the dogwood, used for making shuttles, the locust for ships' tree-nails, the holly for wood-carvings and veneers, and so on through a long chapter. As in all other sections of this display, the forestry exhibit shows systematic arrangement and nicety of classification, and each variety of wood is exhibited in both its natural growth, and polished or varnished to display its grain and its adaptability to decorative uses.

The agricultural division occupies the centre of the area allotted to North Carolina, and is grouped about a pagoda formed of the cereal plants most cultivated, which towers above the array of cases, and stands like a light-house, being illuminated at night by electric lights. About its base sheaves of wheat, of oats, and of barley in the ear mask inclosed receptacles for the threshed and winnowed grain; above, pillars of cereal stalks seem to uphold the canopy, thatched with alternate bands of wheat, oats, rye, and barley, capped with an upright sheaf. Among the noteworthy features of this department those of cotton and its various products, tobacco, leaf and export, wine and wine products, and dried fruits, will naturally attract the eye by their prominence. The cotton exhibit is quite extensive, comprising the cotton on the stalk and in the boll, bales, fleecy rolls, warps, threads, hosiery, plaids, and other manufactured goods, and cotton seed in all the stages of its evolution from the gin to the refined oil and the stock-fattening cake. Near by, as a collateral branch of industry, are shown cocoons, floss silk, and yarns, from Raleigh, where the culture and manufacture of silk is a young but promising and growing form of employment for women. Several large cases are devoted to the finest specimens of golden-leaf tobacco, for which the State is famous the world over, and more ordinary varieties, in leaf or packed for export, are displayed on long counters at either side. Much of this tobacco is of the rich golden hue bespeaking high cultivation and the perfection of curing, and would sell on the auction floor for $1 50 per pound. The wine display is made upon a pyramidal stand near the tobacco cases, and comprises muscatel, scuppernong, mish, claret, Virginia seedling, and other wines, all from native or seedling grapes, and several species of wine products, as brandy, cordials, and liqueurs. The scuppernong is, perhaps, the most characteristic and distinctly local of the wines, being produced from the native grapes of the same name, of which Sir Walter Raleigh's lieutenants sent home such glowing reports from Roanoke Island. It is made in both sweet and dry varieties, and its peculiar bouquet and flavor, in a degree resembling that of well-ripened apple-jack, is particularly grateful to the native North Carolinian palate. To the casual and uneducated taste, however, the clarets and the muscatel seem the best of the wines.

Dried fruits are displayed in such profusion as to warrant the statement that their preparation forms one of the prominent industries of the State. Apples, peaches, pears, raspberries, strawberries, and cherries are the chief features, and their quality is excellent. Another somewhat peculiar product of the State, and the material for a novel industry, is illustrated by the display of herbs. The western or mountain section of the State supplies in profusion medicinal plants, roots, and barks, and the people are greatly addicted to collecting them as a source of income. Ginseng from this region is even shipped in large quantities to China, and in that portion of the commonwealth the trade in herbs is one of the most extensive branches of business. Rice, one of the largely produced grains, is shown close at hand, in all the various stages of stalk, rough grain, hulled, cleaned, and polished rice, and the collateral products rice flour and rice polish, the two last-named being the finely ground hull and inner skin inclosing the kernel. North Carolina bacon, the local "goober," known at the North as the pea-nut, and exhibits of the marls, so valuable to farming lands and so plentifully supplied, phosphates, and other fertilizers, the products of a home company, all add to the variety and attractiveness of this department.

But it is the department of minerals which exhibits the greatest variety and the most complete detail. It embraces specimens of the geological wealth of the State, ranging from granite to diamonds, and from iron ore to pure gold. The display of building stones, which may be considered, perhaps, the most purely utilitarian section, is very extensive. There are granites, white, gray, and black, from the Greensborough and Salisbury granite belt; and alongside them, as in the quarries it is found side by side with them, are blocks of red syenite which might be taken for sections of an Egyptian obelisk. The white granite is of texture resembling that from Concord, New Hampshire; and the new post-office at Raleigh, costing several hundreds of thousands of dollars, is built from it. A handsomely mottled green granite is shown from Rockingham, Richmond County, which is unique, as is also a peculiarly marked stone for which no name has yet been found, the matrix of which is quartz and feldspar, and the nodules or concoctions, which stuff it like a pudding with plums, are of augite. There is also another oddly colored stone, known as leopardite, which is a quartzite mottled with stains of manganese, giving it quite the appearance of the animal which the Scripture credits with inability to change its spots, and from which this stone is named. There are beautiful marbles from the banks of the river Nantahalah, or "river of the noonday sun," as the aborigines poetically named it, in Macon County. These marbles exhibit almost every variety in hue, from pure white, through the gradations of flesh, pink, salmon, yellow, green, and slate, to black, and include mottled and striped specimens. Nearly all the stones in this department are from very near the surface of the ground, hardly a quarry worthy of the name having been opened.

Handsome specimens of serpentine and a very extensive display of mica, including some large sheets stained with oxide of manganese, showing the characteristic outline of the hexagonal crystallization, are also shown. There is a show of graphite, crude and prepared, from Raleigh, sufficient, apparently, to polish all the stove exhibits on the floor, manganese ore in great abundance, huge crystals of iron garnets, which are mined by the ton and ground up for polishing purposes, kaoli, barytes, asbestos, petrified wood, coquina or shell-stone, talc, slate, and soapstone of wonderful fineness and freedom from grit. There is an oddity in the way of a flexible sandstone, which actually bends in the fingers, and is said to be the true matrix of the diamond. Whether diamonds are actually found in it in the Old North State does not appear, but that diamonds and other gems equally precious are found there is shown in several neatly arranged show-cases. There are the famous Hiddenite, a lithia emerald, worth weight for weight the same as diamonds of the first water. Several specimens, cut and set, are shown, also several of the rough crystals, which are found in hornblende and iron matrices, and are in shape and size like hexagonal lead-pencils. There are beautiful yellow-green spodumene crystals, rough and cut, lovely clear sapphires and aquamarines; citrine and smoky topaz, blue beryls, precious garnets, rose rutile, or "flèche d'Amour," rutilated quartz, a perfect garnet crystal weighing eight and a half pounds, crystal quartz, a fragment of which, properly cut, might almost be taken for a steel-white diamond; tourmalines, quartz crystals of various forms, and a host of other specimens to delight the mineralogist or the lapidary.

In cases on the opposite side of the exhibit, and ranged along the aisle, are specimens of the products of North Carolina mines, long famous, and years ago very productive. The only coinage by a private person ever permitted by the United States government is believed to be the gold dollars and five-dollar pieces coined by C. Bechtler fifty years ago, when money was scarce and communication difficult with the mountaineers of North Carolina. Some samples of these coins are here displayed, as well as several handfuls of the nuggets and coarse gold from the placers, which Bechtler used to melt and stamp with his rude dies. There are also specimens of free gold in slate—a unique conjunction—free gold-bearing ores from the famous Gold Hill mine, now owned by an English company, in Rowan County, from the well known Dutch Creek mines, and indeed from scores of shafts, gulches, and placers all through the gold belt, which sweeps diagonally athwart the State, from northwest to southwest, traversing Granville, Franklin, Alamance, Chatham, Guilford, Randolph, Davidson, Rowan, Cabarrus, Montgomery, Moore, Mecklenburg, and Gaston counties. The ores range through all varieties, from the decomposed auriferous slates, which are easily reduced to fine powder in the fingers, to the refractory sulphurets and pyrites which abound in copper, and for reducing which several processes are being tried.

The copper ores are among the most numerous and interesting in this part of the exhibit. The various forms of chalcopyrite, chrysocolla, and cuprite occasionally found associated in one specimen; the gray coppers and the showy carbonates; the vitreous coppers of Davidson County, with their glassy fracture; the complex ores in which silver, gold, and copper are blended, and the copper ores carrying free gold, which yield handsomely under the stamp, and then are worked for copper—make up a very large and noteworthy display. The iron belt of the State is somewhat parallel to the auriferous section. It extends in the same general direction, and touches portions of Watauga, Mitchell, Yancey, Caswell, Guilford, and Lincoln counties. Here magnetic ores of great richness are found. Bog ore, or limonite, abounds in Cherokee County, whence railroad communication is soon to be open to the coal fields of Georgia. Hematite ores are also found in Gaston County, and limonites in Chatham County, close to the coal fields of North Carolina, which, so far as known at present, cover about forty-three square miles, with strata six feet in thickness. The coal and iron ores on exhibition here show excellent quality, and it is known that the mining of these valuable substances has hardly yet begun, so that far better things are hoped for in the future.

The North Carolina exhibit constantly attracts large numbers of visitors. The State authorities, with rare judgment and sagacity, placed the collection and exhibition of this display in the hands of gentlemen who not only gathered an extensive and valuable exhibit, but who had it complete and ready for the opening of the fair. Dr. Charles W. Dabney, Jr., the State Chemist, and Major Montford McGehee, the Commissioner of Agriculture, are in charge; and Messrs. T. K. Bruner, of the Salisbury *Watchman*, the mining journal of the State, and W. H. Kerr, son of the State Geologist, courteously exhibit the display to all curious inquirers.

CANTON, CHINA.

Canton, one of the largest trading ports in China, is ninety-six miles above Hong-Kong, on the Canton River (the proper name is Chonkeang), and has been the scene of two wars with Great Britain. The riot on the morning of the 10th inst. was only an exhibition of the turbulent spirit of the inhabitants and their hatred of foreigners, which is always latent, and liable to break forth whenever a pretext can be found. The war with Great Britain in 1839 commenced with a similar disturbance, all the foreign residents being made prisoners during a popular outbreak. At the close of this war China ceded Hong-Kong to Great Britain, and paid twenty-one million dollars, the treaty being signed on board H. B. M. ship *Cornwallis*, August 29, 1842. By this treaty the ports of Canton, Amoy, Fouchow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were declared open, and a similar treaty with the United States was signed at Wanghai, near Macao, July 3, 1844. From the close of the seventeenth century until 1834 the East India Company had enjoyed a monopoly of the Canton trade, but a flourishing commerce had existed with the Dutch and Portuguese for two hundred years prior to that time. According to the treaty of 1842, religious liberty was granted to all foreigners; but a dispute having arisen between the Protestants and Catholics as to which denomination should enjoy the privilege, an edict was issued in 1845 declaring that "all great Western powers are placed upon an equal footing; let them act well, and practice their religion, and China will in no way prohibit or impede their so doing." All the treaty ports were at once opened except Canton.

To settle this question, the following was an article of a convention signed by Sir John Davis, and by Kiying on the part of the Chinese: "The Emperor having stated that residence in Canton shall be allowed, and the local authorities being unable to coerce the people, the execution of the above is postponed to a more favorable period." A place outside the walls was selected as a trading post (Canton factories). On the 8th of July, 1846, the factories were assailed by a mob, and the following spring a party of foreigners was attacked. As a sequel, the naval forces were moved up to Canton, dismantling the forts at Bocca Tigris (the mouth of the Canton River). In December, 1847, a massacre of foreigners near Canton took place, and after two years, the time specified in a treaty in 1847, Canton still remained closed. Admiral Seymour bombarded the place in 1857, and all the storehouses were again destroyed. Since the treaty of that year Canton has been an open port.

Along the river-front of Canton are moored an immense number of small boats, in which live 100,000 people, for the greater part very poor and ignorant, the boats their only worldly possessions, their livelihood obtained by begging and stealing. They are of the lowest class, always ready to seize an opportunity to pillage or murder, if it seems to them safe to do so. The streets are narrow and crooked, and the native houses low and built of wood. The population is stated at over a million, and a wall about six miles in length surrounds a portion of the city; but it has outgrown its original limits, and spreads out in all directions. In the city there are three pagodas; the oldest and most noted was built B.C. 937, the date being known by the inscriptions, which indicate the dynasty in which it was commenced. It is of earlier date than the great wall, and is the oldest structure known in China. At the outskirts of the city is the great temple of the five hundred gods, with its gateway, in a tolerable state of preservation, besides many smaller temples, dedicated to the god of mercy, god of the winds, and many others.

The riot seems to indicate a renewal of hostilities with the outside barbarians—a measure always popular with the people, especially those distant from the coast.

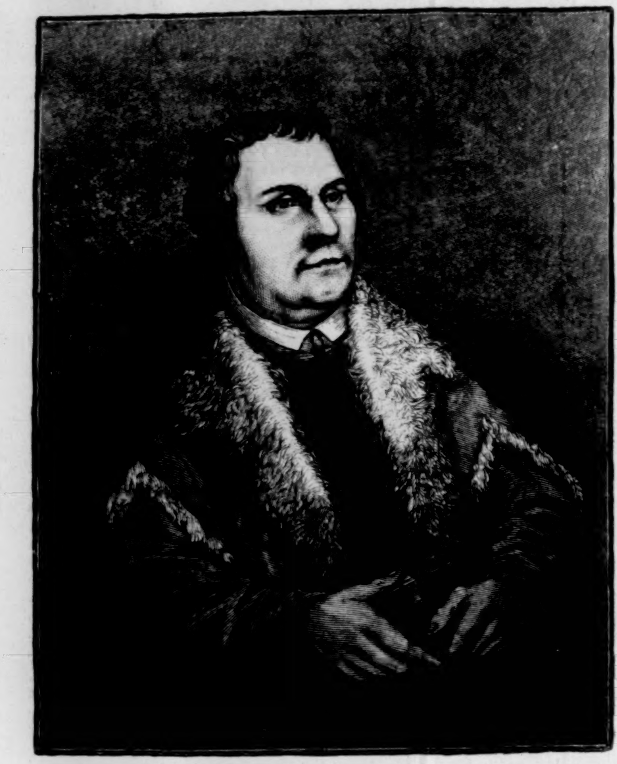
MARTIN LUTHER.

Although the anniversary of the birth of the great German Reformer does not occur until the 10th of November, the people of Wittenberg held on the 12th inst. a celebration of their own in advance of the official commemoration. The city was profusely decorated with flags, banners, and mottoes. The Emperor William had issued a cabinet order intrusting to the Crown Prince Frederick William the duty of representing him at the festival. As the chief depositary of the government of the Church in his dominions, the Emperor expressed a feeling of warm interest in the celebration, in which evangelical faith obtains a full expression.

Splendid weather prevailed at Wittenberg throughout the day, and the commemoration was a great success. The doorway of the Augustine Monastery, says the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, was flanked by Venetian masks. Colossal busts of Luther and Melanchthon had been placed on the balcony of the Town-hall and on stands throughout the city. The Emperor's bust in front of the Town-hall was decorated with flowers. Portraits of Luther and mottoes from his sayings and writings were displayed in many windows. The number of visitors is estimated at fifty thousand. They came principally from Thuringia, Saxony, and Brandenburg. Delegates from Hungary, Austria, and France also took part in the celebration.

On arriving at Wittenberg the Crown Prince Frederick William, with Prince Albrecht, and Herr Von Gossler, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, drove direct to the Stadt-Kirche, and attended divine service. Over one thousand clergymen filled the church. After the reading of the liturgy, Superintendent-General Schultz delivered the festival sermon, taking his text from St. Matthew, xxi. 42–43. The royal party then proceeded to the Schloss-Kirche, where the Crown Prince placed a splendid laurel wreath upon Luther's grave. The party afterward inspected the archives in the Town-hall relating to the Reformation.

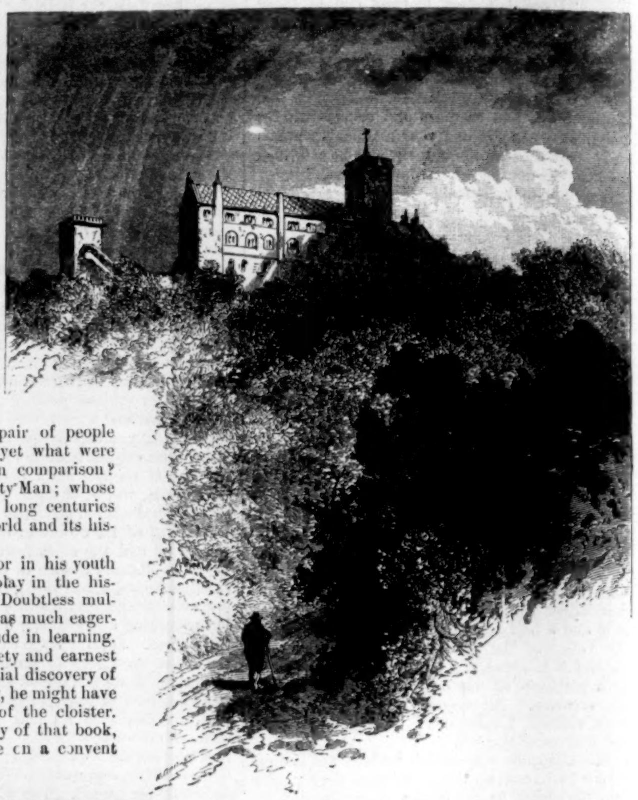
Meanwhile a long procession marched to Luther's house, where the Crown Prince subsequently, in a large hall which served formerly as Luther's lecture-room, declared Luther Hall open. In his address the Crown Prince said: "May this festival serve as a holy exhortation to uphold the great benefits of the Reformation, and to strengthen our resolution to be ready always to defend the evangelical creed, liberty of conscience, and religious toleration! May Luther's anniversary help to strengthen the Protestant feeling, preserve the German Evangelical Church from dis-



MARTIN LUTHER.

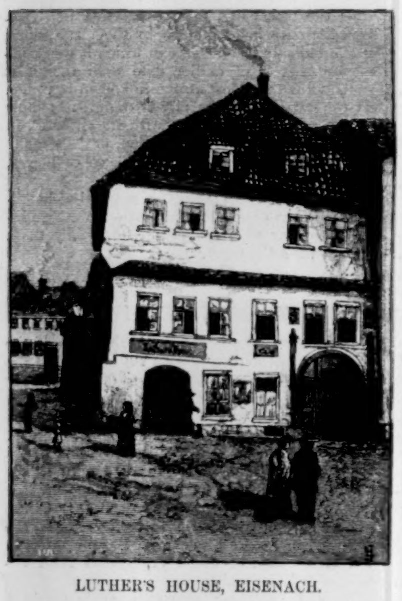
union, and lay the foundation of an everlasting peace!" Lectures on the life and work of **Luther** were delivered in the afternoon, while the evening was devoted to banquets and festive gatherings.

The man in whose honor this vast and impressive celebration has taken place is undoubtedly the greatest figure in German history, beside whom all the kings and emperors who played their part in war or politics sink into insignificance. Their influence for good or evil was only temporary. They had their epoch, and died with it. But **Martin Luther** began a revolution which has outlasted all dynasties, and which is to-day as active and beneficent as it was when it first broke the chains of Rome and set human thought at liberty. To all ages his name will stand as that of the great Liberator, to whose heroic mind the world owes the progress it has made in civilization, the freedom which is day by day enlarging its borders among the nations, the enlightenment which is fast dispersing the forces of ignorance and superstition. The whole world is his debtor. The England and America of to-day are what they are because of him. Well does **Carlyle**, writing of his birth in the Saxon town of Eisleben, say of his parents: "In the whole world that day there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this Miner and his Wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes, and Potentates in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man."

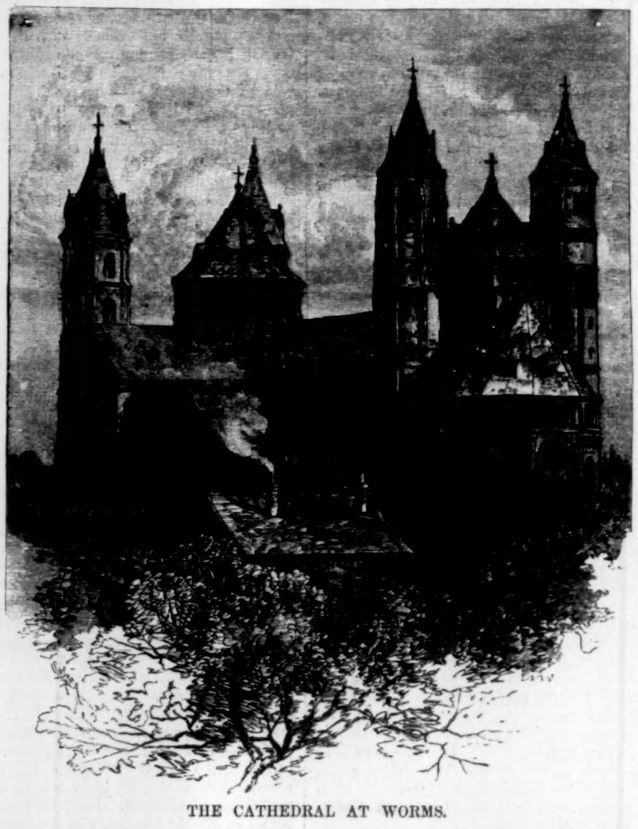


THE WARTBURG.

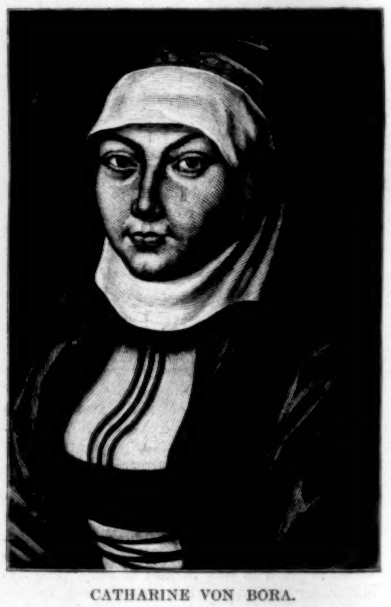
There was nothing in his boyhood or in his youth to indicate the mighty part he was to play in the history of the Church and of the world. Doubtless multitudes of his contemporaries displayed as much eagerness for knowledge and as much aptitude in learning. As a monk he was distinguished for piety and earnest studiousness; and but for the providential discovery of the old Latin Bible in the Erfurt library, he might have passed his life in the quiet seclusion of the cloister. But for what he learned from the study of that book, what he saw in Rome when sent there on a convent mission might not have so filled his mind with amazement and horror, and prepared him for the mighty conflict in which he was soon to engage. Yet that he possessed a truly heroic soul, that he was the man for whom the world was waiting to lead in the great crusade against a worse than pagan host of evil and superstition, was recognized the moment the time for action came. Men knew their leader, and hailed their liberator.



LUTHER'S HOUSE, EISENACH.

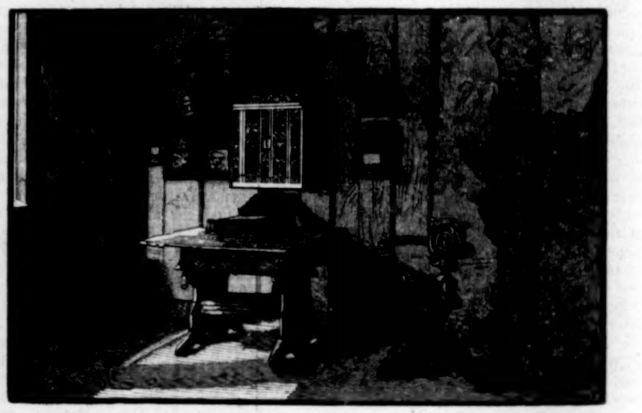


THE CATHEDRAL AT WORMS.

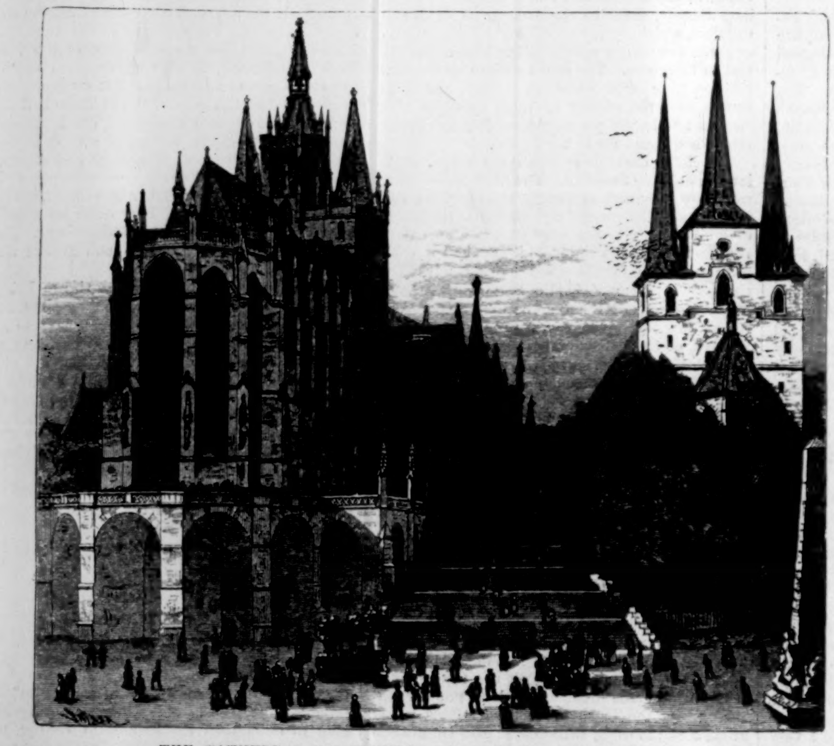


CATHARINE VON BORA.

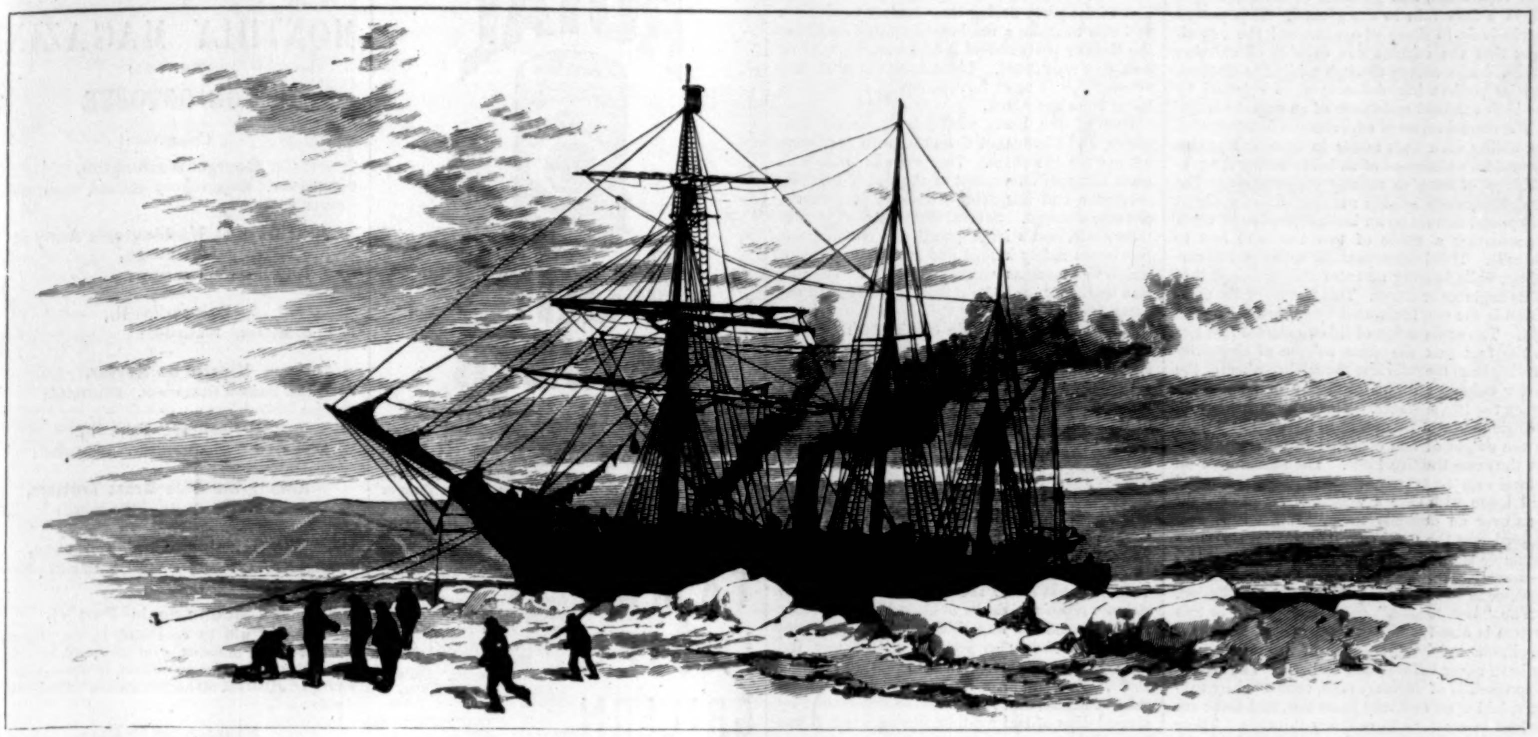
By Americans the name of **Luther** must always be pronounced with veneration, and held in the highest honor. No people on the globe have greater reason to take an interest in the places connected with his life, and in the celebrations which are now taking place in Germany in commemoration of his birth. Thousands of tourists will this year visit the scenes made memorable by his life. The little town of Eisleben, where he was born; Wittenberg, where he burned the Pope's Bull; Worms, where he uttered those brave words which electrified the world; the Wartburg, where he lay secluded for a time, engaged in translating the Bible, and where he hurled his inkstand at the apparition of the Evil One, rising before him to forbid his work: these and many other places with which his name is connected will attract pilgrims, not drawn by curiosity merely, from the shores of the New World, where the civil and religious liberty which he gave to his native land has attained its highest and broadest development.



LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.



THE CATHEDRAL AT ERFURT AND CHURCH OF ST. SERVIUS.



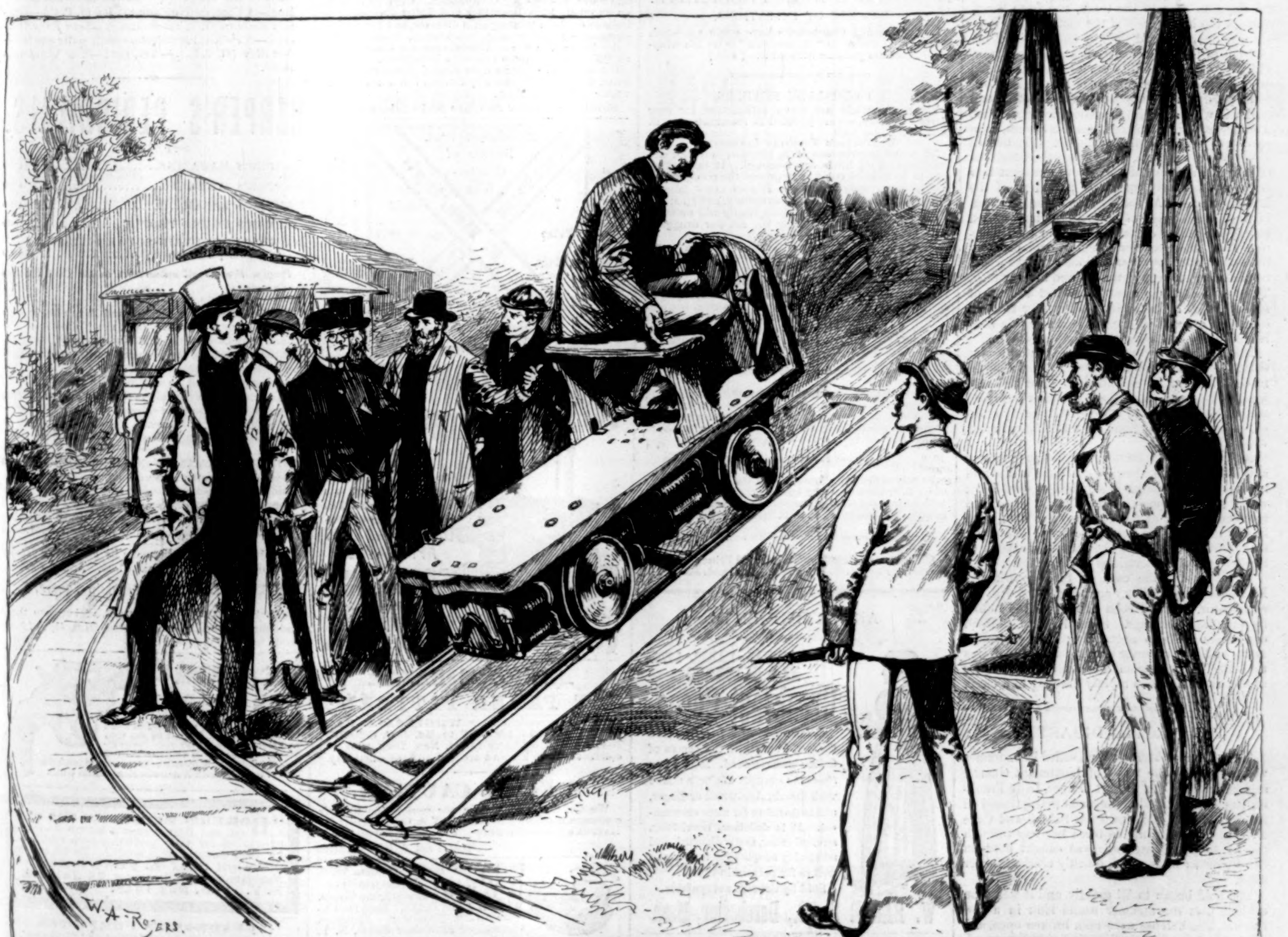
THE GREELY RELIEF STEAMER "PROTEUS," CRUSHED IN THE ICE IN SMITH SOUND, JULY 23.—[SEE PAGE 606.]

A NEW ELECTRIC MOTOR.

IN the village of Greenville, New Jersey, is a modest brick factory in which are being solved some of the most difficult and momentous problems of the day. It is that of the Daft Electric Light Company, of which, as yet, little has been heard by the public, but whose experiments during the past two years have been regarded with the utmost interest by scientific and practical men. Although its name would seem to limit the objects of the company to the production of a superior illuminating agent, its real interests lie in the direction of the successful and economical application of electricity to motors, stationary or otherwise.

Previous experiments in this direction have been successful only up to a certain point, at which obstacles have been encountered that have hitherto been deemed insurmountable. The transmission of electric power over considerable distances from stationary engines has been successfully accomplished by a number of inventions, several of which only lack the perfecting of the transmitting and receiving machines and of their systems of insulation to become commercially valuable; but the safe transmission of power from a stationary to a moving motor is the problem which has presented most difficulties.

Although short lines of electric railways have been operated within the past year in this and other countries, and though one is at present on exhibition at the great Louisville Fair which, to a casual observer, seems to meet all necessary requirements, the expert electrician knows them all to be lacking in several qualities absolutely essential before they can be adapted to commercial use. Every practical system, including the one under consideration, has made use of the metal rails of the track as conductors of the electric power, and heretofore one serious obstacle to complete success has been the danger to human and animal life from contact with these electrified rails. Running through the yard of the Daft factory at Greenville is a quarter of a mile of track, upon which the electric motors built by this company are run and tested. Last week the company gave its first public exhibition, at which were present many prominent railroad men from remote sections of the country. They all appreciated the danger of contact with electrified metals, and, until after witnessing some interesting experiments, carefully avoided the track. They were first shown that these rails were charged with an electric current of sufficient energy to move several street cars loaded with passengers. Then the opposite rails were connected with copper wires, the other ends of which were placed upon the tongues, first of Mr. DAFT himself, and then of several of the visitors who were willing to try the experiment. All who submitted to this test declared themselves unable to detect any trace of the presence of electricity. At the same time, when the exposed ends of the wire were brought into contact with each



AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY EXPERIMENT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

other, a dazzling discharge of electricity followed their separation, and globules of molten copper fell in a fiery rain to the ground. This proved conclusively to those who witnessed the experiment that the current was capable of exerting a tremendous energy through a suitable medium, and its perfect harmlessness when opposed by the high external resistance of an organic body.

The second series of experiments demonstrated the ability of a Daft motor to overcome grades heretofore undreamed of as being among the possibilities of traction railway construction. The experiments consisted in running one of the light 450-pound motors up an inclined section of track representing a grade of two thousand feet to the mile. It did this repeatedly with ease and certainty, while bearing no extra weight except that of its engineer or driver. This feature of the exhibition is the one illustrated by our artist on page 605. The explanation of this wonderful feat lies in the fact that the great volume of electricity passing from the rails into the driving-wheel of the motor induces an unusual degree of friction between the two surfaces. This is so great that an electric motor of this pattern, having but a third of the weight of one operated by steam, will exert the same tractive force. The same motor on a level exerts a tractive force of 300 pounds, and will move with ease a weight of seven or eight tons over an ordinary track. When it is considered that the maximum "pull" of a steam locomotive is but one-fifth of its own weight, it will be seen that these results show an extraordinary advance in the direction of mechanical adhesion.

The "low tension" current employed in this system is also found to permit operations, under conditions involving absence of insulation, such as have never before been realized. The Greenville track is of ordinary rails, connected by fish-bars, laid upon ordinary cross ties, and these are bedded in earth as in ordinary railways. There has been no attempt at insulation, and yet the motors were run back and forth over it all last winter through snow and water that often completely submerged the rails.

In economy of fuel and weight the electric motor offers most appreciable advantages over its steam compeer. The ordinary steam locomotive consumes eight pounds of coal per horse-power per hour; while large compound stationary engines, such as furnish the power for this new system, consume but two pounds of coal per horse-power per hour. Thus a large margin is left for loss due to the correlation of force in transferring power to electricity, and electricity back to power, which loss is twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the total energy. The electric motor furthermore dispenses with a tender and its great bulk of water and fuel, and, owing to the increased friction already mentioned, will in itself attain the same results as the steam-driven machine of three times its weight.

From the stationary engine the electric fluid is conducted by positive and negative wires to the opposite rails of the track, and from them, through the iron wheels of the motor, to the simple machinery located directly beneath its floor. In front of the engine-driver is a round box from which projects a handle. By turning this handle in one direction the motor is moved forward, while a turn in the opposite direction stops and backs it with a readiness almost inconceivable. Another crank, which regulates the brakes, completes the list of visible machinery. The brakes are powerful magnets, which, upon the deflection of a small amount of the electric current into them, press closely upon the periphery of the driving-wheels. As the electric power can, even in the present stage of progress, be transmitted twenty-five miles, or twelve miles in each direction from the producing engine, over ordinary lines of railroad, but four stations or relays would be necessary between New York and Philadelphia. The new motor has already attained a speed of seventy miles an hour, and its inventor is confident that a speed of one hundred miles an hour is within the probabilities of the near future.

It is not necessary by this system that all trains should be run in the same direction on a single track. The motors can be made to move backward and forward at will, and two may be placed so that they touch, and at a signal instantly started in opposite directions, as was shown in last week's experiments.

At the Greenville factory, in addition to motors and electric lights, there is exhibited a saw-mill in which all the power is supplied by electricity, which passes through a mile of coiled wire. All the wood-sawing of the company has been done in this mill, and the neat little frame office that stands in their yard is the first house built of lumber sawed by electricity in the world.

At Greenville the cars of the Newark and Bloomfield horse railway are being fitted with the new motor, and will soon exhibit to the public its practical workings. Several steam railroad companies are also negotiating for its employment, and the inventor of this motor declares that the era of steam locomotives, with their smoke and cinders, is rapidly drawing to a close.

AN ARCTIC DISASTER.

The steamer *Proteus*, which sailed last summer with stores for the relief of Lieutenant Greely and his companions at Fort Conger, Lady Franklin Bay, was crushed in the ice in Smith Sound on the 23d of July, between Cape Sabine and Cape Albert. While trying to force her way through the ice to clear water, she was caught between two immense floes, which quickly crushed in her sides.

The hold began to fill rapidly, and it was soon evident that the steamer would sink in a few hours. The hatches were then broken open, and all hands set to work throwing clothing, provisions, and other stores out of the doomed ship upon the ice. The greater part of the cargo which was thus unloaded fell into the water and was lost, but enough was saved to insure the comfort of the party during their retreat southward, and also to make a not inconsiderable cache for the Greely party should it be forced to make its own way southward. Lieutenant Colwell also succeeded, and most fortunately, in saving three boats from the wreck.

One of the boats was quickly loaded with stores, and Lieutenant Colwell, with four men, set out for the shore. The trip was made with great difficulty on account of the ice; but by perseverance and unsparing exertions he forced a passage through. Several successive trips were thus made, and a large quantity of clothing and provisions safely landed and placed in a cache, which was made as secure as possible. The spot was marked so as to be readily discovered by the party from Fort Conger.

The last trip was made on the 24th of July, and on the 25th, having done all in its power to carry out the design of the expedition, the party set out to cross Smith Sound, and, after a weary night amid the ice, landed safely on the morning of the 26th at a cove near Life-boat Cove.

The crew of the *Proteus* had gone on to Life-boat Cove in their own boats in advance of the smaller relief party, and now, on the safe landing of the latter on the east shore of the Sound, all started forward again for Pandora Harbor, which they reached on the following morning. The journey during the night was a most unpleasant one, a hard rain-storm raging nearly all the time. Thinking that either the *Yantic* or the Swedish steamer *Sophia* might be at Cape York, the party next directed its way thither. The coast was hugged as closely as possible all the way, the boats being too heavily laden to venture far from shore. Every night a landing was made for the sake of safety, and further delay was caused by several days of bad weather, during which it was impossible to make any progress.

After a perilous voyage Cape York was reached in safety, but there was no sign there of any vessel; and on the 16th of August the weary voyagers set out for Upernavik. Lieutenant Colwell, with one boat, struck out boldly across Melville Bay, intending to keep on a direct course southward until he should find the *Yantic*. But Lieutenant Garlington, with the other boats and the crew of the *Proteus*, chose the more circuitous but safer route along the shore. A heavy snow-storm set in on August 17, which was ridden out by the boats at anchor to the ice. The storm was severe, and many of the icebergs foundered, so that the party had to change its anchorage several times.

Upernavik was reached on August 24, and there the *Yantic* picked up the shipwrecked men, and carried them on to St. John's, Newfoundland, where they arrived on the 13th of September.

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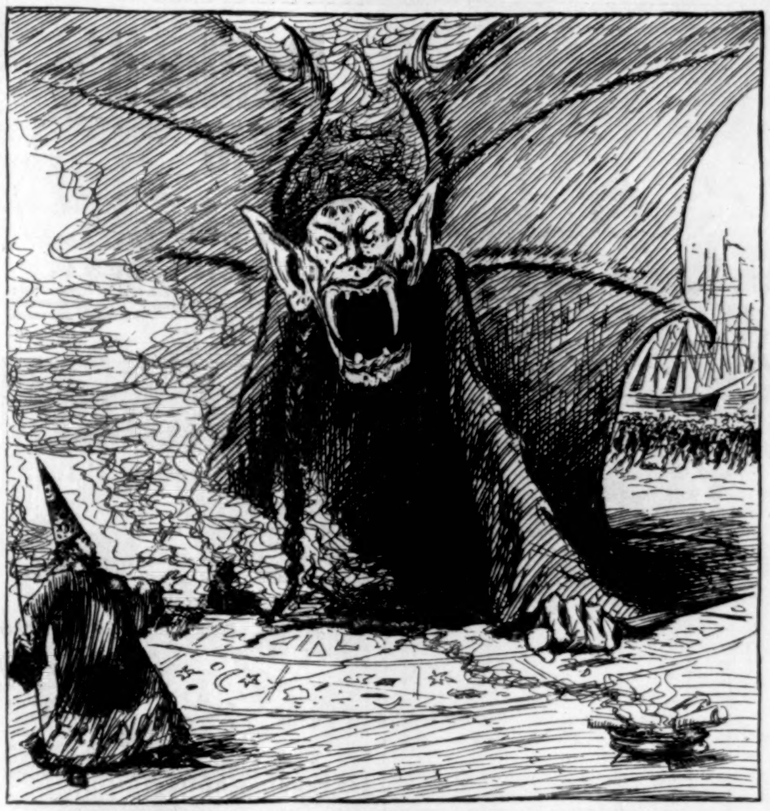

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